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Art, Literature & the Drama.

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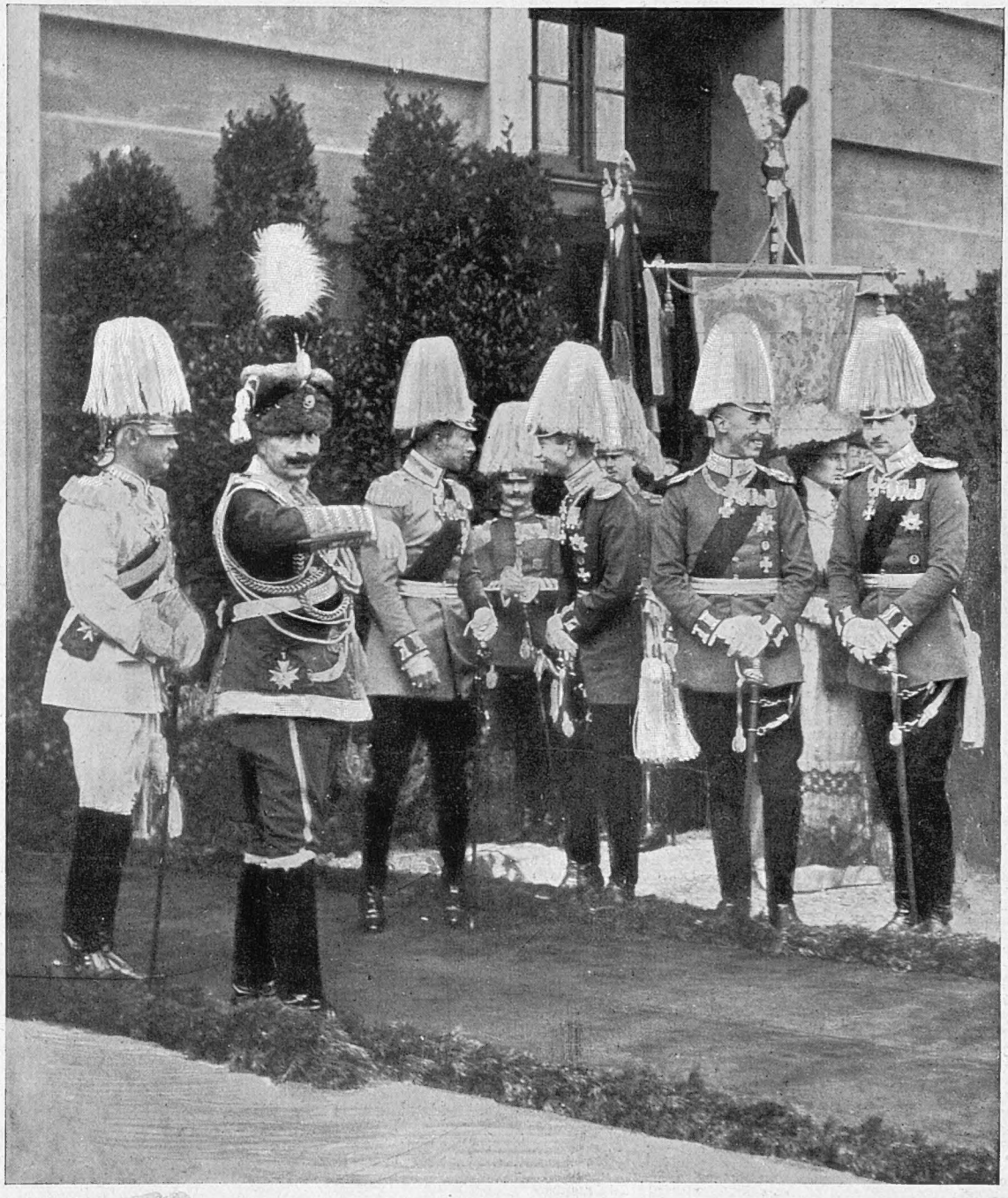

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The World's Pageant

The Modiste of Revolutions

ME. LA FRANCE remains the arbiter of modes in revolutions as in robes, and it is only natural that Mlle. Lisbonne's little attempt to revive old-fashioned fineries should be followed by a demonstration of how the thing really *is* done. Dethronements, bombardments, barricades? asks Paris, looking through her lorgnettes. What are these things, and who is impertinent enough to suggest that they are worn nowadays by those who know?

The Strike-breaker

French soldier piloting an engine out of Boulogne

France Shows the Way

No sooner, therefore, is Mlle. Lisbonne's parade over than Mme. la France gives us hers. Revolutions, nowadays, she shows us, are not heroic. The cult is all for the serviceable—the dowdy, if you like. We do not come *sans-culottes* into the street, shouting ridiculous shibboleths about *liberté*, etc. We just produce stagnation. Our revolutionaries are strikers, who strike at a moment most convenient to themselves, and least convenient for the public. For what reason? Faith, one does not talk of reasons! It is enough to show what power rests with the Conseil-General, and M. Pataud, and all those people. But, at the moment of writing, the strike seems to be overborne. What matters that? To-day, no doubt, the *bourgeoisie* retains some old powers. But to-morrow they will be gone, and the Social Revolution, quieter but ever so much deadlier than all other kinds, will triumph, and Europe will be faced with her real problem.

The Court

The King and Queen go to Sandringham this week, and will remain in Norfolk for a fortnight or more before proceeding to Windsor for the winter. The King is to receive a loyal address at King's Lynn to-morrow, and, in addition to shooting his own coverts on the Sandringham estate, will also shoot with Lord Farquhar, the late King's "housekeeper," at Castle Rising, motoring over each day from York Cottage instead of staying at the Castle, as King Edward used to do.

Queen Mary

The Queen is devoted to her handsome Teck brothers, and is expected to make several visits to Holkham, where, in a farmhouse on the ugly sand dunes that surround Lord Leicester's model village and estate, the Duke of Teck and his family have spent the summer. The Duchess of Teck, though a Grosvenor, being sister-in-law to the Queen, cultivates and successfully accomplishes an altogether Royal appearance, especially in the way of hair and headgear, and her two high-spirited little daughters, the Princesses Victoria and Helena, are always dressed with that extreme simplicity that distinguishes English Royalty.

Rois en Exil

No questions of precedence or position will be in the least likely to arise when King Manoel comes to England. We are accustomed here to the sheltering of outcast Royalties, and it has always been a part of

Delights of Travel in France: Luggage-laden Motors Replace Railways to Carry English Passengers from Boulogne to Paris

the game that they should live as private people, and not attend Court functions or be regarded in any way officially. At Wood Norton, where the young King is to partake of the hospitality of his uncle, life certainly is lived Royally, just as it was a hundred years ago when, at Hartwell, the harassed and corpulent Louis XVIII. and the daughter of Marie Antoinette held a dull little Court, the only difference being that Philippe of Orleans is rich whereas the other two were always poor. Great state is observed in the Royal retreat. The servants all wear the old Court liveries of France, and, except by command, the county round is not desired or expected to be neighbourly, and would get a real Bourbon snub if it did.

King Manoel at Gibraltar

Since he fled his capital, King Manoel has been the guest of Sir A. Hunter, Governor of Gibraltar. His Majesty is seen leaving the Cathedral with his mother, Queen Amelia, after attending High Mass

KING MANOEL

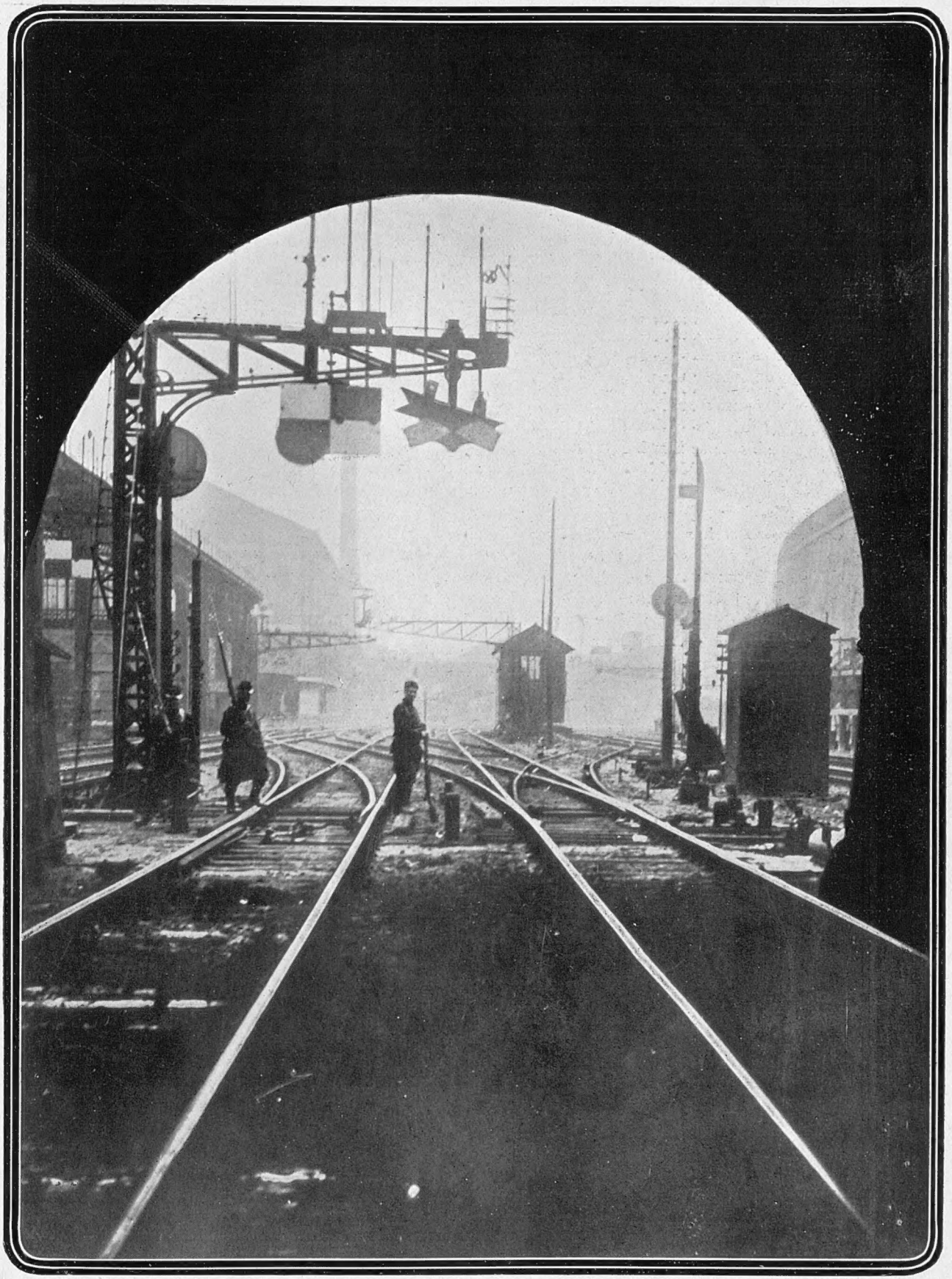
An Ex-Queen

It was to be expected, of course, that, rightly or wrongly, the cause for much of the trouble in Portugal should be popularly supposed to lie at the door of the Queen-Mother. It was by her strict orders, it is said, that the many Royal palaces in Portugal were always kept up as if, at any minute, she or the King might take up residence there ; that she knew of, but winked at, her son's infatuation for a French actress on whom already another King—Leopold of Belgium — had his eye ; that, but for her many incivilities towards the Republic, France would never have discontinued business relations with Portugal ; and a lot more to the same effect. That the Queen is brave, almost to excess, is the one thing thoroughly undoubted, but the policy of conciliation where conciliation was politic was one, apparently, impossible to a Queen in whose veins flows the blood of Henry of Navarre and of all the Bourbons.

Our 250 to 1 Double

In our issue of September 28 our racing expert gave Verney and Electra as a likely double for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire at a time when the odds for the double event were at least 250 to 1. Verney brought off the first half all right last week. Now for the Cambridgeshire.

STAGNATION!



FRANCE TAKES HER FIRST TASTE OF THE COMING MODE IN REVOLUTIONS

After Portugal, France. After Lisbon's exhibition of the old-fashioned methods of revolution (bombardments, street barricades, etc., etc.), the inventor of Revolutions, France, arises to show us how much farther she has travelled. To-day, the revolutionist's weapon is much more scientific and much more deadly. He substitutes stagnation for slaughter. The worker stops work, that is all, and all civilisation is brought to a standstill until his "demands" receive consideration. The only weapon by which the Government can compel him to work is martial law. This, M. Briand has put in motion, with results which are now familiar

One Crime, One Trial

The third, and last, reincarnation of the Crippen case is due this week, and one may express the hope that the trial will be as expeditious as possible. When it is over we want one great judicial reform—*i.e.*, one Crime, one Trial. This process of dragging a prisoner three successive times, *viâ* inquest, police-court, and Old Bailey, through the mud of his own alleged misdeeds, is scandalous and barbarous, and unworthy of a civilised country. If we cannot enact the reform at one stroke we can at two, and the first should be to abolish the superfluous magisterial hearing. The case should go directly from the Coroner to the Judge.

Mixed Newmarket

The Indian summer gave place early last week to the English winter. Nevertheless, the attendance at Newmarket was a record one, especially on the Cesarewitch day, when the Private Stand was crowded to excess. Why, oh, why, do the authorities allow so many people to belong to this stand, which at one time was so exclusive? There is nothing exclusive about it now, and the dwellers beyond Mesopotamia have quite overrun it. I heard acid remarks on all sides at the mixedness of the meeting, and when it rained heavily people were huddled together in so uncomfortable a manner that those behind could see very little of the racing.

Mr. Justice Pickford, who may Try the Crippen Case

JUDGE AND LEADING COUNSEL IN THE CRIPPEN TRIAL

Mr. R. D. Muir, K.C., Leading Counsel for the Crown

Mr. A. A. Tobin, K.C., M.P., Leading Counsel for Dr. Crippen

Some Fashion Notes

There are strange folk on the Turf nowadays, and it seems that the most exclusive places are thrown open to anyone who owns a horse. It is now a case of money, not manners, and the change is not appreciated by the silver-gilt folk, who look upon the Newmarket Private Stand as their very own. Something will have to be done before long. Either the stand must be enlarged or the list of members curtailed. The unpleasant weather of last week put a complete limit upon any display of robes and modes from Paris and other places. Never have I seen such a collection of quaint dresses and wraps. Rusty black that had more than done its duty during the spell of public mourning emerged from its retirement, and hats that had braved many battles and breezes were to be seen on all sides. After all, this is not to be wondered at. One may as well adapt one's clothes to the climate. There were some strangely short skirts at Newmarket. Some would have made excellent kilts. One lady—the wife of an elder son, if you please—startled the assemblage by wearing such a hobbled skirt that her movements were watched with a certain amount of anxiety when she attempted to climb the somewhat steep steps of the stand. Please, my lady, do not make us so anxious at the Houghton Meeting!

Partridge Hunting Continues

The wail for the lost partridge continues, and Norfolk, of all places in the world, is lamenting loudest of all. Pheasants are fairly plentiful, and they will be assassinated next month and in December in their thousands. There is any amount of game at Elveden, I am told, and there, next month, Lord and Lady Iveagh will have one or more shooting-parties. Few people know that there are grouse at Elveden, and to ensure their remaining there it has been arranged that little streams or burns of running water shall be supplied through the agency of a number of little windmills.

The Autumn Opera

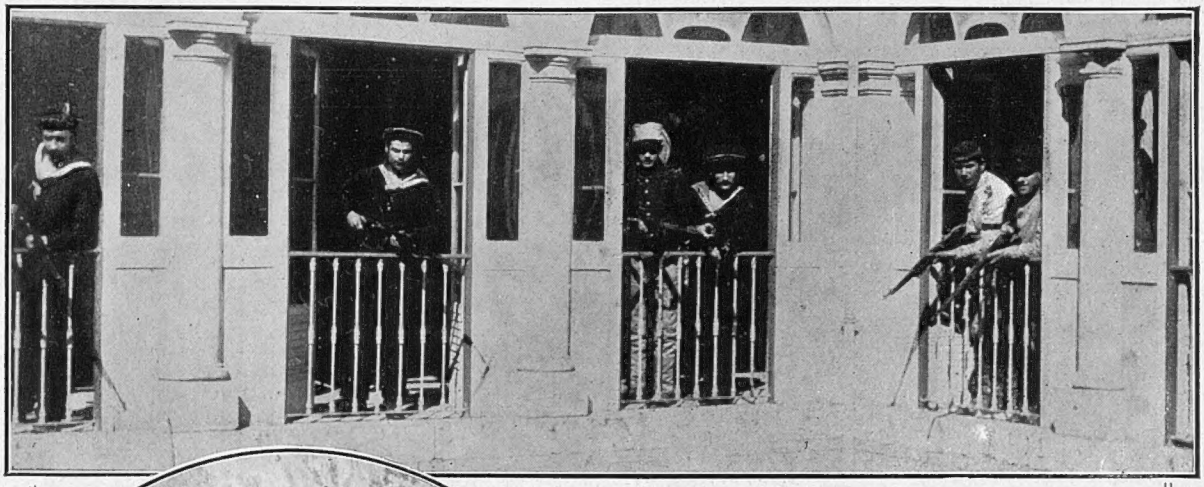
The opera is fairly well patronised, I am glad to say, and good houses have assembled during the past ten days for *Tristan and Isolde, Tannhäuser, Carmen,* and *Elektra.* Some operas are not likely to be heard again, I fancy, and I for one am not sorry.

About Mr. Thomas Beecham

People who are fond of musical comedies would have done well to go and see Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* at Covent Garden. It was unexpectedly pleasing to hear the Prince of Denmark breaking in

An Ugly—Yet Picturesque—Phase

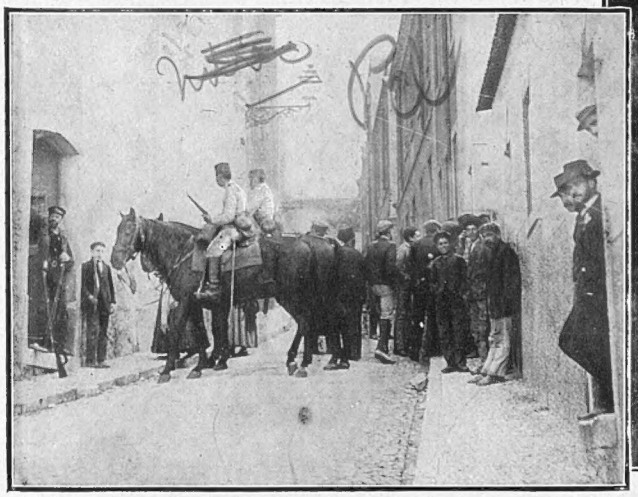
OF THE PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION: PRIEST HUNTING ABOVE AND BELOW GROUND



Sailors Guarding the Quelhas Convent

SEARCHING FOR FUGITIVE PRIESTS IN A NEWLY DISCOVERED SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE

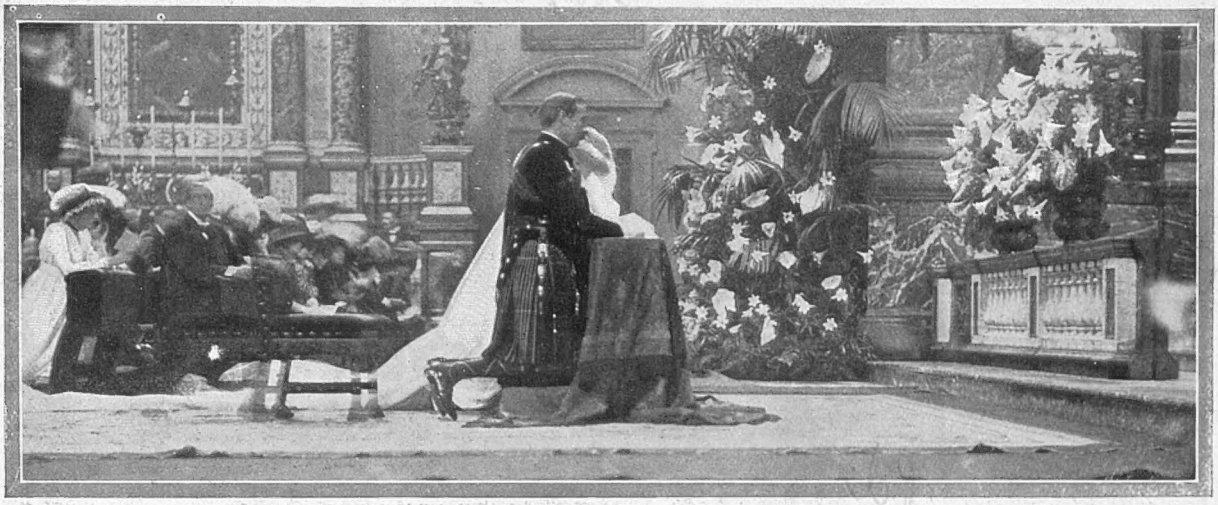
General View of the Convent of Quelhas, showing Subterranean Passage Broken Open in Places to Search for Fugitive Priests



Soldiers Guarding Back Entrance to the Monastery

What is, from the political point of view, the ugliest phase of the Portuguese Revolution is, to the eye, the most picturesque. The ejection of the Priests from the Quelhas and other monasteries has brought to light the beauty and romance of these institutions, to tamper with which seems the worst vandalism. What will the "reformers" do with the underground passages now that they have unearthed them? Make use of them as tube railways? Or will they preserve them for tourist inspection at a good price per head?

with a drinking song, after which a courtier explains: "*Il cherche à dissiper sa tristesse dans de vin*," also delightful to see Ophelia going mad to the accompaniment of ballet dancing. One wonders all the same why Mr. Beecham chose to revive this work—a really bad example of what French music can be—hardly ever played nowadays in Paris; a small audience witnessed Mr. Ambroise Thomas's adaptation of Shakespeare. It seems as if opera were becoming less popular in London; even for *Elektra* the house was not full at all. As a matter of fact, many seats could be had at the doors. Considering how *Elektra* was boomed, and also that it is by far the best thing that Mr. Beecham does, this is at least surprising.



Lord and Lady Lovat at the Nuptial Mass after their Marriage at Brompton Oratory

The chief of the Clan Fraser was married last Saturday to the Hon. Laura Lister, second daughter of Lord and Lady Ribblesdale. There was a great gathering of Scots at the church and at the reception at the Prime Minister's official residence in Downing Street

Mr. Beecham and the Syndicate

There might be more surprises in store for music lovers. It is persistently rumoured that the announced season at Drury Lane will not take place, and that Mr. Beecham has amalgamated with the Covent Garden Syndicate. It remains to be seen if that means that Mr. Beecham will have a regular season of his own at Covent Garden, or if he will simply join the ranks of the conductors for the ordinary season. If so, what will become of the artists Mr. Beecham has engaged, including the Russian ballet and his own orchestra?

The Prime Minister as Wedding Guest: With him Mr. Lewis Harcourt

Mr. Asquith attended two weddings last Saturday, viz., that of Lord Lovat in the morning and that of Mr. Wilfred Sheridan to Miss Clare Frewen in the afternoon

At Queen's

Lawn tennis, by the way, seems rather to be coming into its own again. Quite a distinguished crowd turned up at Queen's Club for the Covered Courts Championships last week, and besides Mr. Balfour, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Countess Torby and her daughters, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, and many other well-known people were in the "gallery." Of the younger generation in Society the Ladies Manners and Mrs. Hall Walker (whose brother on Saturday married Miss Clare Frewen) are, perhaps, the best and keenest lawn-tennis players, and all are generally to be found in the autumn either playing in or looking on at lawn-tennis championships at the different Bads.

The Conference

The Conference? Ah, yes, the Conference! Has it collapsed or has it not? I have it on the very best possible authority that the answer to the question is—I do not know. Neither at the moment of writing does anybody else, least of all the Eight themselves. What preposterous nonsense have been these persistent reports as to its failure. How can a Conference have failed until it finally ceases to sit? On Saturday, the Eight separated, when to meet again it is not stated. Until one hears officially that this is to be never in this life, one had better stop talking and publishing nonsense.

At Last, that Airship!

At last, after many, many weary months of waiting, the *Daily Mail* airship (under the auspices of the *Daily Mail*) has flown from Paris and arrived at the *Daily Mail* garage, specially constructed by the *Daily Mail* at Wormwood Scrubbs. The proprietors are naturally jubilant at this definite, if rather belated, return for their money. Better pleased still, I daresay, was the editor in being able to secure a first-hand and authentic account, at all events of this event, by the *Daily Mail's* own correspondent. If only other things, such as foreign revolutions, could all be *Daily Mail* revolutions and the places of their happening as near and as *Daily Maily* as Wormwood Scrubbs, why where would *Daily Chronicles* be then, poor things?

A Beecham Prima Donna

MISS ELIZABETH AMSDEN (TOINETTE IN "LE CHEMINEAU" AT COVENT GARDEN)

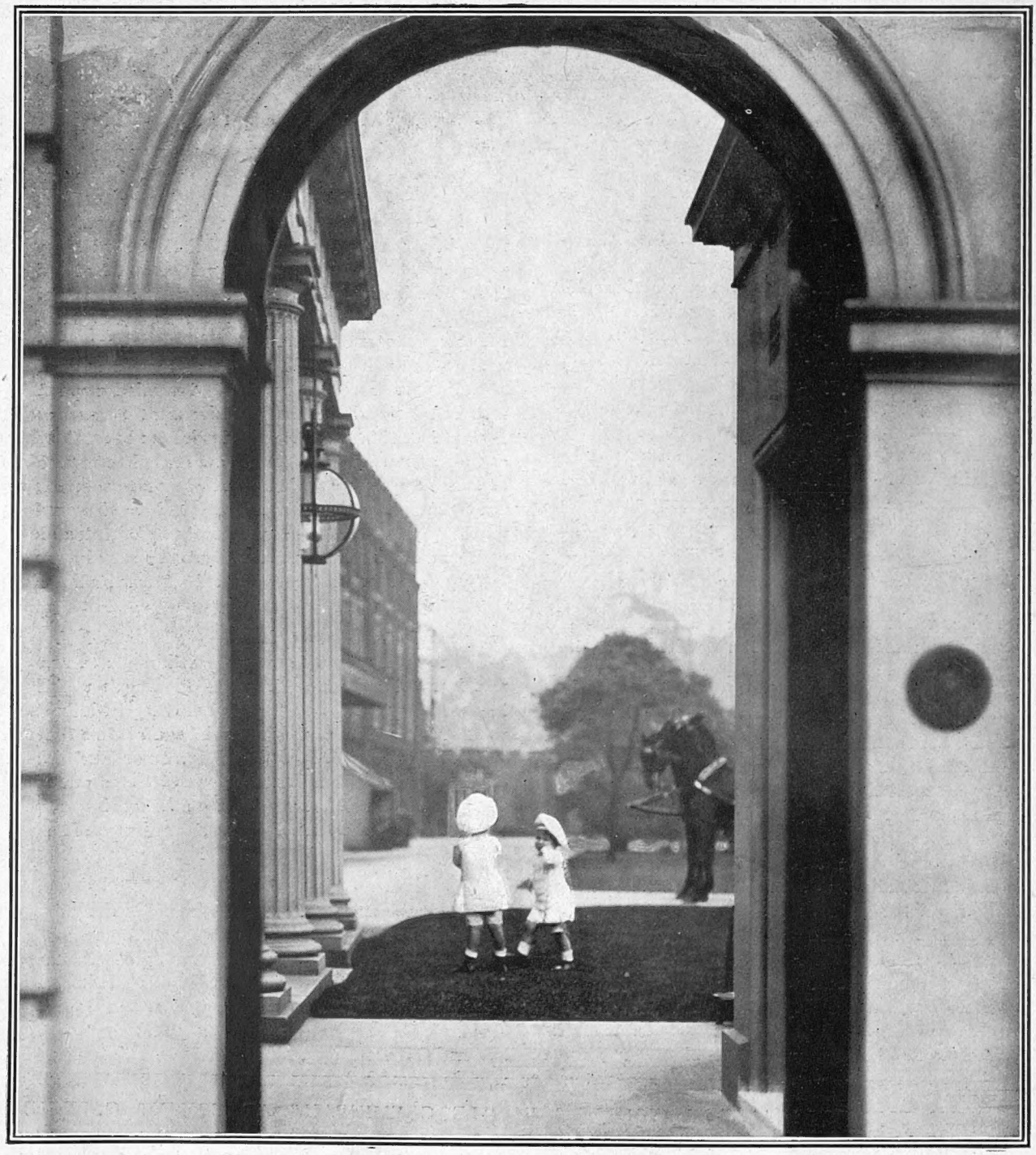
A brilliant success was achieved on Wednesday evening last in the new French opera, "Le Chemineau," by Miss Elizabeth Amsden. The critics are unanimous in their praise of her singing, which is of exceptional power and quality

This Week's Wonders

They are wondering at the news from the Antipodes. They are wondering when the case will come on. They are wondering if the Duke really liked the somewhat plain remarks addressed to him by a very distinguished person the other day. They are wondering whether she will ever appear again in such an extraordinary garment. They are wondering if the Baronet is at last to be caught in the toils of matrimony. They are wondering whether the lady spy will now find her vocation gone. They are wondering why she refused to go to the wedding the other day. They are wondering whether he really atoned on Thursday last. They are wondering why the Newmarket party suddenly collapsed. They are wondering why she has taken to racing again. They are wondering why she left the opera-box so very suddenly on Wednesday night. They are wondering why he sent such an extremely inappropriate wedding-present. They are wondering if she is going with him to South Africa. They are wondering at her ladyship's absence at such a time. They are wondering if he paid her gambling debts last week, or whether payment is deferred, AND they are wondering whether they will be bidden to the Coronation.

OUR DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT

I am glad to be able to offer readers, as a double-page Supplement, what is, I have no hesitation in stating, the most remarkable photograph taken of the most dramatic event of the Portuguese Revolution, *i.e.*, the flight from Ericeira by fishing-boat of the King and Royal Family. This photograph is remarkable alike as a striking picture and as a record of an historic event, and is well worthy of framing.



A Charming Photographic Glimpse of the Children of the Crown Prince of Sweden (Prince Gustaf Adolf and Prince Sigvard) in the Grounds of Clarence House, the Duke of Connaught's Town Residence

A Momentous Royal Voyage

BEGINS WITH THE SAILING OF THE "BALMORAL CASTLE" FOR CAPE TOWN

T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT AND FAMILY BOARDING, AT PORTSMOUTH, THE VESSEL WHICH IS BEARING THEM TO CAPE TOWN TO OPEN, IN THE KING'S NAME, THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF UNITED SOUTH AFRICA

The Infancy Dress Ball

The Children's Playground at Covent Garden

WHY take your children to Margate? The "Children's Paradise" on the Isle of Thanet has been eclipsed. There is a new heaven for juveniles, a new playground for babies, an unsuspected Valhalla for the "old and worthy" who would still, though whale-framed, disport themselves as sprats. It is to be found at the Covent Garden Opera House on the night of the Fancy Dress Ball. I prefer to call it the Infancy Dress Ball, for I appreciate the beauty and mystery of extreme youth.

* * *

Wherever in the world do all these boys and girls come from? Behold them to the number of some hundreds, outwardly decorous and respectable, waltzing away the small hours, unchaperoned. Not one child present, I verily believe, had been brought by papa or mamma. Where can these smooth-faced, slim boys of sixteen to twenty hide by day? Are they Army subalterns? Perhaps, but it is very difficult to connect them with the idea of battle. Are they students of medicine? If so, the breed has changed. Sawyer and Allen would not have been content with the sour wink of claret and the sugary turmoil of lemonade and angostura. They puzzle me. They do not belong to life. There seems to be no place for them in the cosmos as I know it. And yet here they are, if Covent Garden be not a phantasm.

* * *

And what of their dancing partners? Were there ever so many little girls seen together before? How lightly they swirl round the gleaming floor. Black legs, red legs, blue legs, yellow legs, tiny frocks and such curls in profusion hanging to their waists. How delightful to be a pretty little girl—what is libellously known as a flapper—and have a mamma who allows you to dance with other mammas' little boys till early in the morning. How kind the twentieth century is to the very young!

* * *

This is a Fancy Dress Ball. I look for the fancy dresses. One costume is magnificent, splendidly realistic, so perfect in every detail that it attracts my attention first. It is that of a fireman, and for the first time I realise how attractive this uniform can be. I venture to congratulate the wearer. He surveys me stolidly, and then grins. Horror of horrors! He is actually one of the staff firemen of the theatre! It was a bitter disappointment. No other male patron of the ball wore any kind of fancy dress.

Of ladies in fancy dress there were several, probably six. The children, of course, were content with the simplest and shortest of frocks—(maternal wisdom)—and when their hair did not hang in plaits it streamed loose in the riot of the dance. But a handful of adult dancers were really attired in fancy costume. Item, a pierrette. (There may have been two, I frankly grant you.) Item, an Irish Colleen. (This costume may or may not be described as that of a vivandière in the costumier's catalogue.) Item, a Georgian beau, not to be confused with—item, a young person in a little muslin, which costume, she casually admitted, represented "The Cotton Lock-out!"

* * *

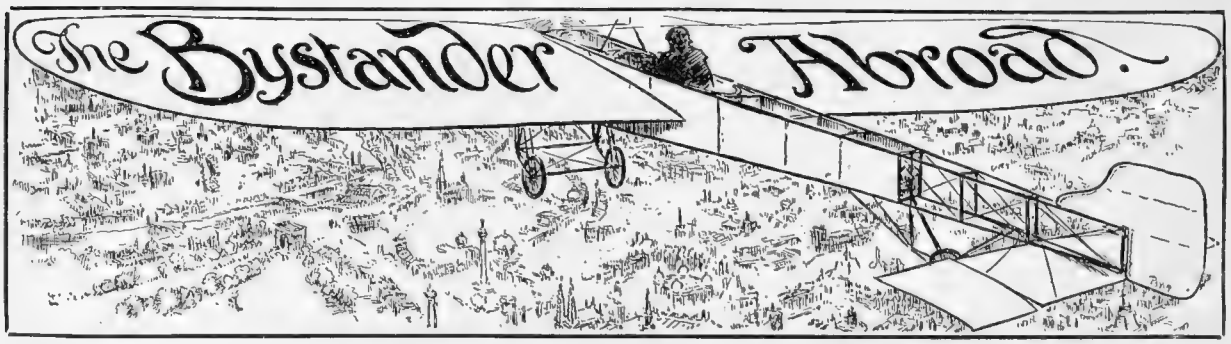
Altogether, very little fancy dress at this fancy dress ball. Instead, correct evening frocks and suits for the handful of adults, and appropriate, seemly costume for the children. The fathers of the boys had given them all evening suits, and very nice they looked in them. Surely nowhere else is there such decorum at a children's party. A little playful romping, of course—(I saw a nice boy called Jack leap-frog over a boy called Dick in a corner of the buffet, and the policeman on duty, to prevent anyone teasing the children, only smiled)—but on the whole very good manners indeed. Some folk are apt to sigh over the old-fashioned ways of the modern child. They would prefer boys to be boys and girls to be girls. But they must admit the wonderful fascination of the sight of several hundred children behaving themselves at a dance just as if they were grown-ups.

* * *

But the dancing hours have passed, and my further reflections must be postponed until I have been fortunate enough to secure a cab. Out into the dirty whiteness of daybreak we all go. Out from the great hall of light and colour into drab streets. The children are hurrying away, and I marvel that even now they seem untired. All night I have not seen one of them yawn. Here are two coming towards me, a boy and a girl. The boy holds the girl's arm, and his head is bent as they pass me. But the girl-child meets my gaze. I had noticed her several times in the ballroom. Her hair was very fair, loose, and long. Her frock was a baby pink, and, oddly enough, now I come to think of it, she must have worn socks instead of stockings. She looks into my face and smiles. I look into her face. They are just passing me. . . . "The dead are dancing with the dead, the dust is whirling with the dust!" . . . There were no children. There are no children.

B. M. H.

Our irrepressible artist, Mr. Norman Morrow, gives his impressions of a Covent Garden Fancy Dress Ball



THE REAL REASONS FOR THE PORTUGUESE REVOLUTION

[*"The Bystander's" Continental Correspondent, readers will remember, prophesied the imminence of the Revolution in our issue of March 23 last*]

A Deserved Victory

As we stated last week, the influence of Turkey's bloodless Revolution has made itself felt all over Europe. Although Portugal does not definitely own to having taken lessons from Constantinople, those who have been behind the scenes and seen the Republican party at work have distinctly detected the influence of the famous Committee of Union and Progress. As correspondent of THE BYSTANDER one ought to take no definite side in politics. Yet without being either Monarchist or Republican—or, rather, in spite of being a Monarchist—one has not to be long in this country to say honestly the Republicans deserved their victory. The extraordinary miscarriages of justice and order which have been carried on in the name of Church and State have been too aggravating even for a foreigner. If the Monarchists had been playing into the hands of the Republicans, they could not have done more to further the Republican cause than they did.

The "Française"

When I first visited Lisbon my guide (using an epithet regarding the late monarch which I could not repeat if I would) took me to the tomb of Carlos' assassin, which is covered with wreaths and the regicide honoured as a national hero. When I spoke of this to one of my Republican acquaintances he shrugged his shoulders and said: "Yes, that was a miserable affair, and put our cause back considerably. Still, no one could help it. The late King had exasperated his people beyond endurance. None of us could have stopped an infuriated mob, even had we known their plans." When King Manoel acceded there was not a soul, even among his own people, but felt for the poor inexperienced boy who was called upon to sit on his father's blood-stained throne. And they gave him his chance. But, alas! the first terrible feeling of responsibility over, it was so easy to leave everything to a clever mother, who was only too willing to advise. But Queen Amelia has always been unpopular in Portugal. In spite of her charities, in spite of her hospitals, in spite of all her good intentions, she has always been the "Française." Like the typical Frenchwoman, her love for her son has caused her to sin against his very best interests. Instead of teaching him to stand alone, she has encouraged him to lean on her and her confessor and adviser, Signor Tonti, who has thus practically been ruling Portugal. Queen Amelia had even been warned of this. She saw for herself what happened to her Clerical kinsman of Brazil. Yet, in spite of her great intelligence, her faith in Rome blinded her to everything, even to the future of her son.

Portugal's Anti-Clerical Campaign

Superior Nuns appeal to Naval officers in the arsenal for mercy—sufficiently publicly, it will be noticed, to enable the photographer to make an excellent picture out of the incident

Cherchez la Mère

King Alfonso of Spain has not had to suffer from the awful consequences of a weak mother. Maria Cristina taught him to think and act for himself. She was hurt to the quick, however, when she heard of his resolution, although himself a staunch Roman Catholic, to do all in his power to separate Church and State in Spain. King Manoel's popularity in Portugal did not last long, and in his heart of hearts possibly he is glad now his task is over. His private life gave the Republicans much cause for grievance, and they determined the new King should not follow in his father's footsteps. Queen Amelia's policy was to marry her son to an English Princess *coûte que coûte*. Princess Patricia of Connaught's photograph was even published here as the future Queen, in spite of the fact that the Duke, her father, was dead against the marriage. The Republican party, too, was active

The "Hero" of the Recent Berlin Riots

HERR VON JAGOW, THE GERMAN POLICE PRESIDENT

To whose ruthless severity the Moabit strikers are indebted for their suppression. Him, also, British journalists have to thank for the polite intimation that they must regard being sabred while motoring to and from their duties as the "fortune of war"—or as a good joke, according to fancy

in preventing what might have proved a spoke in their wheel. When "Sir" Asquith and "Sir" McKenna, as these gentlemen were called in the papers here, visited this city, again the proposed marriage was on the *tapis*. Both these Ministers, however, must have, if they kept their eyes open, seen the hopelessness of the Royalist cause, and the marriage idea was given up.

Republic Come to Stay

The Republic has come, we may safely predict, to stay. Whether it will be recognised by the Powers depends on the results of the next election, and I fear the Monarchists are counting for their majority on the assistance of the rural priests, who in many cases are Republicans. The name of the chief organiser of the Republic is not yet known. It may be revealed after the elections, or it may remain for ever a secret, that gentleman being now a Cabinet Minister. Although, as I said before, the Republican victory was easy, the organisation of the campaign was well managed. Each Republican joined with four other Republicans to form a group of five. None of these five knew either the names of their leaders or the names of members in the other groups of five. All was, as in Turkey, anonymous and secret. The Revolution was purely among the "intellectuals." Even those men who have been avowed Republicans are mostly men of letters, writers, professors, lawyers; and the Portuguese intellectual is as intellectual as the peasant is ignorant

"Look Unpleasant, Please!"

Portuguese Republican troops, for the benefit of the photographer, show how they looked as, on the fatal October 4, they prepared to repel an attack from behind the barricades which they erected at important points of the city. It is, we venture to say, a pity that so well-managed a revolution should have taken place without prior notification of the London illustrated papers. With their aid the whole thing could have been furbished up and made more picturesque without being sanguinary

The Philosopher President

Senhor Braga, the first President, is really too old to do more than direct affairs. His works on history and philosophy are world-renowned. Like Ahmed Riza, he has been inspired by Comte, but possibly these positive doctrines may lead him, like the latter, to err on the side of idealism. He upholds a theory of Zorrilla, and wishes to see a confederation of Latin Republics—Spain, Portugal, France, and Italy. The charmingly simple manners and domestic correctness of this statesman and his colleague, Machado, have already won complete sympathy. This last-named Minister is also a Positivist, a clever statesman, and brilliant orator. For some time he was a Monarchist Minister, but as his good advice was never even heeded, he became Republican, and has been rewarded with office. As might well *not* have been the case under the circumstances, he is extremely moderate. Alphonso Costi and Antonio Almeida are the "firebrands" of the Cabinet—violent in ideas and intemperate in language.

Wanted—A Strong Leader

The Republic has had no difficulty in underlining the weakness of the monarchical *régime*. A strong man at the head of the Government, not merely a figurehead in the hands of Rome, is the first essential. Economical reforms, the lowering of taxes, dividing up the land, and reducing the power of the priest is the official programme of the new Government. This does not sound enormous, but it means much. To straighten out the finances of a country which has been for years in a state of decay, to stop bribery and corruption where it went on wholesale is in itself a task of Hercules. And if the present *régime* consists really of men who are, as we believe, really working for the good of their country and not for their own aggrandisement, they will succeed.

Dans le Mouvement

Little Girl: "It ain't so comfortable, but it's a jolly lot more fashn'able"

By LEWIS BAUMER

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"LYSISTRATA" AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

THE *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes had of necessity to be freely Bowdlerised before it could be represented in an English theatre; but as most of the wit of the play is more or less of the indelicate order, the process of dilution would seem to have robbed it of any excuse for public performance. The ancient Greeks, we are taught, could admire the human form for its beauty alone, and without the *arrière pensée* of modern prudery; and it probably seemed natural to them that their humorists should jest on subjects which it is not now correct even to discuss in public. The subject of *Lysistrata* lends itself freely to outspoken jests of the kind, as will be gathered from the alternative title sometimes given it, "The Strike of the Wives." Since the men will not stop the war, their wives decide to coerce them into ways of peace by suspending the marital relationship.

AS the story of the play turns entirely on the yearning of the waverers on both sides for an occasional truce, it is obvious that there is a large field available in which a reckless humorist may run riot. In the English versions, however, most of the very pointed shafts of Aristophanes are hopelessly dulled by an attempt to turn the playful jest into a solemn allegory; and where this course fails, the translator usually adds a note giving the more literal version in Latin or German. Since even in the text-books, therefore, our national squeamishness forbids a true and faithful rendering from the original, it is difficult to see how a stage version, in still more guarded language, can hope to prove of great interest, either to the student or the worldly minded person.

THE principal scene of the play, that in which Cinesias the Athenian comes to beg his wife, Myrrhina, to return to him, must have been quite uproariously funny in the ancient Greek representations; but the main thesis of their argument being taboo to us, the position of the unhappy couple becomes merely commonplace on the English stage. Mr. Guy Rathbone, who gave us the best acting the production afforded, took his part quite seriously—as, indeed, modern social conventions would seem to require. Miss Dorothy Minto, whose Myrrhina was another conspicuous success of the evening, trifled with the situation here and there a little more boldly, but her humour was for the most part carefully adapted to the horizon of the Young Lady of Fifteen, and the scene lost all its point in consequence.

IT has been generally suggested that the production of this play was to give encouragement to the Suffragist movement by showing the militant ladies what a power they have if in the last resort they should be goaded to extremes; but sometimes I think perhaps not. The most that Suffragists may here learn is that, even if they should succeed in establishing the methods of Lysistrata, their cause will only stand where it did two thousand years ago. Miss Kingston, who plays Lysistrata, makes a graceful and stately figure; but she takes the part far too seriously. It is possible, of course, that a lighter treatment of the theme would have been held too flippant for the conscience of the Censor, and the play would have been banned.

IT was originally Miss Kingston's idea, I believe, to refrain from announcing the name of the author at first performances; but presumably in the case of Aristophanes it was felt that concealment would be too pathetically futile for anything. Perhaps, however, the author for present purposes is the adaptor, who has presented his dialogue for the most part in rhymed couplets—a method adopted by one or two of the better-known German translators. But the general effect in English is that of pantomime dialogue, which gives it an unconscious humour of its own. Besides which the old man who tells the story of Melanion begins it in the tone of a village reciter handling one of the pathetic ballads of Mr. George R. Sims, which naturally enough does not help us to realise the ancient Greek atmosphere.

MISS Kingston may find support for this play for a while among the militant Suffragists and other ladies who enjoy being credited with powers over men that, alas! so few of them possess; but we shall look forward with more interest to some of her other productions in a more modern vein. The Little Theatre, which, in its situation out of the main thoroughfares, is reminiscent of the Grand Guignol of Paris, is admirably adapted for the presentation of plays not necessarily designed to appeal to the many. The arrangements of the house are in every way perfect and delightful, and the decorations show a taste and refinement that make one extremely optimistic for the future of the theatre as one of the art centres of London. I trust Miss Kingston will go on and prosper.

THE HIPPODROME

THE great attraction at the Hippodrome just now is Mme. Jane Hading, who, like her still more famous countrywoman, Sarah Bernhardt, has at last consented to appear in a variety programme. It is true that the standard of taste set by the management of the Hippodrome raises that house far above many of the real theatres; but Mme. Hading's condescension is none the less remarkable on that account considering her great popularity and distinction. I think it is a pity that she should have chosen for her first production the dismal story of *La Femme X*, especially as we have already exhausted the interest of that very morbid play in the English version, *Madame X*, played with more or less success at the Garrick Theatre quite recently. Besides, the part is one that makes Madame appear so plain and so careworn, and I like to see her looking her best, as I have done for quite a number of years past. I am too great an admirer of Madame Hading, and I trust too gallant a man, to give the date on which I first fell in love with her at sight.

At the Hippodrome

BESIDES, she doesn't look it, really. But for the horrid wig she wears to make her appearance in keeping with the part she has to play, she is as fair and as sprightly as she was in her very early twenties. The part of the play she has chosen is the scene in which she is goaded to shoot her lover, admirably played by M. Arnaud, who will be remembered for his performance at the Coronet Theatre in the *Ironmaster* (*Le Maître de Forges*). Madame's acting in this scene is so powerful that I would almost feel inclined to ask her to produce the entire play one of these days in London, if *La Femme X* were not such a depressing entertainment. On the other hand, Jane Hading's performance of the part of the unhappy woman may be cordially recommended to anyone who has a longing to see what good acting really is.

AMONG the other important items on the programme on the evening of my visit was a "Coin Manipulator and Conjurer" named Leipzig. This gentleman, who, in spite of his extremely German name, seems to be of American extraction, is quite a marvellous entertainer, though if I might give him

a hint, it is that he should refrain from telling us beforehand what he is going to try and do. When a conjurer tells me that he will send four cards to join a pack that is tightly wrapped up in a borrowed pocket handkerchief, I trust I am too much of a gentleman to doubt his word. Consequently, when the trick has been duly performed as per specification, it does not occasion much surprise, because we know that a conjurer would not say he could do a thing if he were not sure of himself. But I think the element of surprise would heighten the dramatic value of some of Leipzig's really marvellous tricks.

ANOTHER striking item was supplied by M. Costantino Bernardi, a quick-change artist, who adopts the novel method of changing his disguises in sight of the audience, so that there shall be no doubt that alone he does it. M. Bernardi represents, in the course of an agreeably protracted turn, some twenty characters, and as they are all variety artists, each with a different form of talent, some idea may be gained of his tremendous versatility. The idea is that the manager of a theatrical enterprise is unable to pay his artists (as if such a thing could happen in real life!), and that consequently Costantini Bernardi has been engaged to conduct the entire entertainment by himself. Mr. Bernardi having duly impersonated the defaulting manager and some of the disappointed artists, gives us a change of scene, and then offers a programme of his own. He is

by turns a "musical comedy artiste," a clown, and a dashing soubrette, to say nothing of his appearance as a serpentine skirt-dancer. His work throughout is admirable, and he has the gift of humour which makes it all the more acceptable as time goes on, for without an occasional jest it must be admitted that so long a turn would prove a little wearisome in the long run.

AN important part in the programme is filled by Mr. George Bastow, who sings three songs, all of which depend for their success on the ability of the singer. It has always seemed to me a strange thing that variety artists do not take more trouble to get a song that is worth singing. Mr. Bastow's best effort is about a military man who is devoted to the ladies, but it is only his energetic singing, combined with his really clever make-up, that gives any point to the song, the words of which appear to have been written in a hurry to suit the composer's melody. After all, in these days of competition, there should be room only for the best, and from what I have seen of Mr. Bastow's quality, I judge that he is capable of making a really good song the talk of London. And this, as I have always understood the position, is the aim of every aspiring entertainer in the metropolis.

At the Hippodrome

MISS EVIE GREENE, fresh from her triumphs in musical comedy, gave us two songs in her best style. In response to the hearty applause that greeted her efforts, this dainty lady came on again, and gave us a recitation by way of an "encore piece." The recitation was admirably rendered, and very well received; but I could not help thinking that it was more suited to a penny reading than a great London enterprise. This is a point I should think it would be worth the while of the Hippodrome management to note, especially as it is surrounded so completely by places of entertainment of the very first class. One of the best items of the programme was an extra turn by a couple of musicians. Their names were given in the ordinary course, but I am sorry that I cannot remember them, and I am sure that I could not spell them if I did. Russians, I fancy. One was a young man with long hair, whose violin playing raised the house to quite a pitch of excitement; while the other was a smart-looking man, who drummed very successfully on a sort of xylophone, and was much applauded in consequence.

JINGLE.

Favouring Father or Mother?

A PHYSIOGNOMICAL PROBLEM FOR PLAYGOERS

Photograph *Dover Street Studios*

MISS NEILSON-TERRY

(With portraits inset of her father, Mr. Fred Terry, and her mother, Miss Julia Neilson.) To which of her parents does pretty Princess Priscilla bear the closer resemblance?

A Bystander in Canada

The Harbour of Montreal

V.—MONTREAL: A CITY OF THE FAITHFUL

MONTREAL looks French, talks French, is French. Also, it smells French. I do not suggest the smell is a malodorous one. Merely French. You get just that smell in any French town, from Rouen to Marseilles (Paris excepted nowadays, perhaps)—and it is probably due to nothing but the sun being at just the right temperature to bring out that essence of omelettes and road-grit, cigarettes, *apéritifs*, and washing in sufficient strength to strike the sensitive British nose. Baedeker tells you that the city is divided into French and English, and that the dividing line is St. Laurent, but when you have passed west of St. Laurent, and hundreds of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen and French boys continue to file past you, you begin to doubt the veracity of even that Travellers' Bible.

Still, I admit that when you get up to Sherbrooke, around which some of Montreal's twenty-two millionaires have their residences, the French illusion vanishes somewhat, and you might even begin to think you were in Aberdeen. Go higher up on to the Mountain and comparisons cease altogether. The city of spires and lovely buildings set out below so that you may trace almost every corner of it down to the river edge, is Montreal—Montreal that claims not unworthily to be architecturally the most beautiful—perhaps the only beautiful city—in the New World. Some days it may make other claims with equal justice. It might become the biggest business city in the New World—if Winnipeg will make the pace a little less hot. Its millionaires might outnumber New York's. Its Jews might be counted in greater quantities than London's. Already it possesses 40,000 of them without being duly grateful. But, then, it is a Roman Catholic city. That is, perhaps, its greatest pride of all. I was there at the beginning of the Eucharistic Congress, though how the great procession went I cannot describe, for I came on before it took place. That it was awaited with the utmost eagerness I can testify. It was not, somehow, in the least English; but, then, no more is Montreal's water-supply, which is distinctly insalubrious, or Montreal's roads, which belong to the Middle Ages. These, by the way, are beautifully hidden from the Mountain, whence, for my part, I would always want to be looking at Montreal. I spent many hours on it, and if I were a millionaire Montrealer I should want to spend all my time on it, for surely it gives as fair a view of a great city as is to be seen anywhere. Presumably, however, if I lived there looking at it, I should not remain a millionaire, or belong to the Millionaires' Club, or eat Montreal melons when I chose.

So I should come down from the Mountain, no doubt, into the city. Do not let me prejudice anyone against the city. It is a great city, and there are buildings there—for business only—that cannot be beaten in any country. Take the interior of the Bank of Montreal. It is so fine and spacious that it makes one anxious to be, not only a banker, but a mere bank clerk, which is quite a different proposition. Take, for another example of the many-sidedness of Montreal, the Amgus Shops. Here are built those huge hotels of cranks and pistons that are really only railway engines—the engines that hurtle one from end to end of the Dominion. Not being an engineer myself, I generally feel when I invade a machinery place like some unfortunate beetle that has strayed into a bee-hive, and may at any moment be attacked by the busy and alarming creatures that are buzzing about there. As I watched the vast engines swung like bags of feathers from the roof, some black demon would heave showers of sparks at me, and when I started back, another would come raiding out with red-hot tongs.

I admired respectfully; but I am one of those who can enjoy my honey just as much without knowing just how it was made. Still, there was a big bit of Montreal, and what miles of French houses with green shutters one drove past to get to it! If I were to start describing Notre Dame Church, and the Cathedral, and the Lachine Canal, and the Lachine Rapids, I should have to refill a fountain pen, and then empty it again. Besides—I do not mind confessing it—with regard to the Rapids, I did not shoot them. So many people have done so, and their sensations have been so very similar that it did not seem worth while. Instead, I went for a walk up the Mountain, and will ask you to picture the great Eucharistic Procession moving slowly up to it, all the inhabitants of a mighty city moving with it, till the city itself is left behind, and all that is lower and earthlier left for the moment with it. Then you will have in your mind one picture at least of Montreal not unworthy of it. It will be the picture of Montreal at its best and highest—the City of the Faithful—near to their Mountain. R. E. V.

It is the Last Blow That Counts

IN TREE FELLING IN THE BACK BLOCKS OF NEW ZEALAND

London has already had an opportunity of witnessing the woodcutter of the Australian Bush, one or two of these fascinating experts having recently given demonstrations at both the Hippodrome and the Coliseum, where their marvellous dexterity in the use of the chopper had to be seen to be believed

PARIS et Autres SHOWS Choses

"THIS is your first play, then, *mon cher confrère?*" "My first play in Paris," I said. "Ah!" The *cher confrère* sought in the Hinterland of his tail-coat, and produced a gigantic notebook. Then he discovered a stub of pencil, sucked the end of it, and looked at me, waiting for information. It was an altogether new experience. I had been guilty, with a French friend, of a three-act farce which was going to be played in Paris the next day. I was half dead with the fatigue and the worry of rehearsals (you quarrel from 8 or 9 p.m. till 3 or 4 a.m. every day during the last week's rehearsal of a play in Paris), but I was being interviewed for the first time, and it was a refreshing novelty. But I could find nothing to tell the *cher confrère*.

And all of a sudden I realised why there is so much of the interviewer and so little of the person interviewed in the published interviews in the French papers. It is the notebook that does it. No Paris journalist thinks himself complete without one, and its appearance cuts all information right off at the main. But the Paris journalist is a species by himself, and I love him dearly. To begin with, he has a *coupe files*, and you can have no idea how a little thing like that enhances a man's self-respect. But perhaps you don't know what a *coupe files* is? It is your photograph, or, rather, the photograph of the *cher confrère*, signed by the owner upon one side, while on the other, over Monsieur Lépine's signature (Monsieur Lépine is Prefect of Police), appear these magic words:

SERVICE OF THE PRESS

The agents of authority and of the public forces are invited to facilitate within the bounds of possibility the mission of

MR. CHER CONFRÈRE,

and to permit his carriage to cut through the lines if there be no physical impossibility.

When a man carries that sort of thing about him, he not unnaturally—shall we say?—swanks a bit. And you should see the *cher confrère* in a cheap cab at a crowded crossing wave his card to the obsequious "agent of authority," and drive on, while the motor-cars of the merely wealthy champ at their bits in vain, and have to wait until Mr. the "agent of authority" thinks fit to move them on. I always suspect some of my Paris *confrères* of choosing the most crowded corners on purpose when they have time to spare. Whenever I have seen them upon these occasions they have not appeared particularly busy—at least, not on newspaper business. But you must not think that the *cher confrère's* whole time is taken up with taking notes and swanking. He can work, too, and when he works, he works exceeding well. There is a lightness of touch, a cleverness and a brightness about the work of the Paris journalist which comes very close to literature at all times, and sometimes is not only literature, but good literature, too. And the progress which the French Press has made in the course of the last few years is enormous. I started out to be amusing in this article, and find myself giving information. That, on a larger scale, is exactly what has happened to the French Press.

Not very many years ago it was impossible to find the news of the day in any one French paper, and when one did find it, it usually came from London. But now the French papers are just as keen on news-getting as are the papers of any other country, and there are one or two of them which more than hold their own. I need not remind you that the *Echo de Paris* was the first paper in the world to receive the news of the Portuguese Revolution. It came by wireless from the *Echo's* correspondent, who sent it from a ship in Lisbon Harbour. And it will show you how keen competition for news has become in Paris when I tell you that the *Matin* got hold of the gist of that telegram somehow, and published it, somewhat to the *Echo's* disgust. French newspapers do many things, too, for advertisement's sake, which English newspapers do not attempt. The *Matin*, for instance, organised the aeroplane race round the East of France, and the *Journal* is at work on a similar flight right round Europe. But French newspapers are obliged to depend far less on advertisers than newspapers at home.

It is a curious fact that the French tradesman rather dislikes newspaper advertisement, or, if he does go in for it, he wants it in the body of the paper, written like a piece of news. Therefore, advertisements in the French Press are very rare, and curiously rare and sparse to English eyes. There is one thing that always tickles me in a French newspaper. That is the curious disregard of the orthography of foreign names. Frenchmen really ought, by this time, to know that a baronet should not be called Milord or Sir Smith. They must know it, but they don't care. And when an Englishman does anything in France—gets damaged in a railway accident, for instance—the papers mutilate his name even worse than the railway has treated his body. Somebody of the name of Hawkins was damaged on the Ouest Etat not long ago. Among the list of injured was his name. But "Avekin" was what they had called him. We may go wrong now and again in spelling foreign names in England, but we are more careful with them than that, I fancy.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Face, Figure, Frock—All Alike Charming

Photograph *Felix, Paris*

MLLE. DUSANE, OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE, NOW PLAYING IN "COMME ILS SONT TOUS"

This lady's looks speak for themselves. Of her dress, our Paris fashion correspondent writes:—"She is wearing a gown of peach-coloured satin and mousseline de soie, trimmed with wide Italian lace. The bodice is arranged with a sailor collar of satin. This delightful gown is a creation of Paquin"

"We Don't Want To Fight,

Photograph.

THE ADMIRAL AND OFFICERS OF THE W

Naval wiseacres all, nowadays we talk glibly of Dreadnoughts, and many of us, no doubt, have shrewd ideas as to exactly where a Dreadnought is distinguished from other types of battleship. But we are not so fond of talking of the men on whom the working of the Dreadnought depends, because, perhaps, they are not so easy to get an idea about, being, naturally, very much at sea. To

But, By Jingo, If We Do!"

Dinham, Torquay

LD'S PREMIER BATTLESHIP, H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT"

enable readers to know the facial characteristics of typical naval officers of to-day we publish this fine photograph. A glance at these strong, clear-cut faces should do much to reassure us, and to lend new significance to the meaning underlying the words of the song quoted at the top of these pages

Launching the Lifeboat, in Case—

Photograph A PRACTICE LAUNCH AT COVERSACK, NEAR THE MANACLES, CORNWALL, A RUGGED COAST OF EVIL MEMORY IN MARITIME HISTORY *Bevan*

To be launched with the boat (which is here shown taking the water with a mighty splash) is a coveted distinction among the villagers

"Who Can Tell the Tricks of the Great Cat–Fate?"

Short Story by Derek Vane

"FANSHAWE? You!"

"Yes; you don't seem particularly pleased to see me. Have you no welcome for the prodigal?"

"I was naturally surprised; I thought you were still at the Cape. How are you? You look brown and well. When did you arrive?"

"This morning; but I spent the day at Southampton with some pals I made on board. I'm all right, though I don't feel quite up to the mark at the present moment. We did ourselves rather too well. I'm feeling a bit played-out."

"I suppose you have seen Miss Mostyn?" The question was asked quite quietly, but Dr. Grahame could not help his face betraying a little of the anxiety he strove to hide. His visitor, however, was not in a condition to notice such trifles.

"Cynthia? No. To tell the truth, I only got to town about half an hour ago, and then I did not feel sufficiently fit"—with a foolish laugh—"to present myself at the highly respectable portals of Mostyn *père*. He does not care to look upon the wine when it is red himself, or to see how it gladdens the hearts of other men. He might think, being a narrow-minded curmudgeon, that it had gladdened mine too much."

He laughed again, lolling back against the cushions of the chair, his head falling a little to one side. He was a tall, handsome man, but the face under its healthy bronze was not as firm and clean-cut as it should have been; the outlines were blurred, and there were heavy lines from the nostrils to the corners of the mouth. As he looked at him, Dr. Grahame began to qualify his first opinion.

"And you have come back quite fit and well?" he inquired. "All the lung trouble gone?"

"I was as fit as a fiddle when I was up on the veldt, but when I came down to Cape Town and got racketing about a bit my cough began to bother me a little. Shows that I ought to settle down, doesn't it? With Cynthia to look after me I shall be all right. I'm going to be a reformed character. But how is everybody? How is my pretty *fiancée*, first of all? I am quite anxious to see her. Gad! how surprised she'll be!"

"Doesn't she know you are here, then?"

"Of course not. I want to give her a surprise. I didn't know I should be here myself until a few hours before I sailed. I saw the *Raglan Castle* lying in the docks at Cape Town, and she made me think of England, home, and beauty. There was nothing to keep me. I had stopped the prescribed time, all but three months. A horrible south-easter was blowing, and that decided me. I took my passage and—*me voilà!*"

"You don't look as if there was much the matter with you now, certainly, but it might have been wiser to see a doctor before coming over, especially as it is still so cold."

"My dear chap, I haven't seen one of your fraternity for nine months, and I don't want to—professionally, of course, I mean. When a man can camp out on the veldt and go riding or shooting all day long, he can't have much the matter with him. But you haven't told me any news."

"I don't know that I have any. The Mostyns are in town. They are all quite well, I believe. I don't think we have many other friends in common."

"That's true enough," with a laugh. "You belong to the busy bees, and I am a drone. By the way, how are you getting on? You seem to have acquired quite the professional manner—a little pompous and dignified, as though you stood like Fate with a pair of shears, waiting to snip off our lives. And that reminds me—I want you to do me a little favour."

"Ah! I wondered why you had honoured me with your first visit."

"You did not think it was justified by our mutual liking and esteem? I am sorry for that. Seriously, old chap, I want you to give me a pick-me-up, so that I can go round and see Cynthia. I need not tell you that I am not exactly in a proper condition for paying a call on a lady, and yet I can't very well postpone it until to-morrow. It would look a trifle neglectful, wouldn't it, after being away nine months, to let the lady of your heart remain in ignorance of your arrival for twenty-four hours? As it is, I may find it a little awkward."

"What do you mean? I don't quite understand."

"Dear innocent! I suppose you are too select to be often approached in such a fashion. Plainly, then, I had rather too much Heidsieck at lunch; I also had more than one brandy-and-soda at Waterloo. The consequences are that I feel a bit fluffy about the head,

(All rights strictly reserved)

and also "—with an approving glance at his shapely feet—"about the legs. Am I sufficiently explicit?"

"You mean you want something to make you sober? You are ashamed to present yourself to Miss Mostyn in your present condition?"

"That's it, without the 'ashamed.' When should a man be young if not in his youth? I don't expect you to understand—what do you know of young blood, you whose pulses have never throbbed for wine, woman, or song?—but I humbly crave your help and wisdom. Give me the magic potion," holding out his hand dramatically.

"I would rather you went to somebody else."

"My dear chap"—reproachfully—"how can I? I am not equal to the effort of rising. Make haste," as Grahame did not move. "I haven't much time to waste. It's seven o'clock now, and I must get to Onslow Square by eight-thirty at the latest. I can go in with the dessert like a good child. Give me what I want and let me have an hour's nap on that comfortable sofa, and all will be as though it had never been."

"You are welcome to lie down if you wish."

"Yes"—impatiently—"but that by itself wouldn't be much good. I should wake up with a thundering headache. One would think I was asking for something quite extraordinary," with sudden temper. "Don't you want me to go and see Cynthia? Have you possibly been flirting——"

"Stop! I won't have any of that, even if you are half drunk. . . . Very well, I'll mix you something, but you can't go to sleep here; I may have a patient in. You must go upstairs. You can lie down on the sofa in my dressing-room. I'll bring it up in a minute."

As he staggered out of the room, Grahame watched him go with compressed lips and brooding eyes. So that was what awaited Cynthia! She was to be saddled with this reprobate for the rest of her life. She, in her innocence, was ready to take Cyril Fanshawe for her husband, to think that she could cure him of any little wildness, that all would be well just because he would promise and vow certain things. Grahame laughed. It was pitiful. He knew that with a man of Fanshawe's type no vows or ceremonies would make much difference for more than a few months.

"So I know nothing of love; my heart has never beat the faster for a woman!" Grahame thought with a bitter smile. "How little he knows—or she either! All he can feel compared with this"—pressing his hand to his breast—"is as a little fire to a furnace. The world has never been limited to one woman for him; he has never known what it is to be without a home or anybody to care. Why should he have everything and I nothing?"

He walked slowly across the room, and unlocked the door of a cupboard. He poured something into a medicine-glass, and was about to take it upstairs, when he changed his mind and rang the bell.

"Take this to Mr. Fanshawe," he said when the servant came in. "He is not very well, and is lying down in my dressing-room."

A few minutes later Dr. Grahame went out, and, taking the first taxicab he met, he was driven to the Mostyns' house in Onslow Square. They were still at dinner, but he would not join them; he said he would go into the library and look at the evening papers. Cynthia was the first to come out to him.

"Why wouldn't you come in?" she asked. "You are not generally so formal." Her gown was soft and pink, and there were roses at her breast. He thought she looked like a rose herself.

"I have a headache; I shouldn't have been very cheerful company, but I rather wanted to see you. Can you spare me a few minutes?"

"Of course. What is it? Is anything the matter?" anxiously.

"No. Why should you think that?"

"I don't know. You look a little pale and harassed. You have been working too hard, I expect."

"I shouldn't complain of work after waiting ten years for it. It is much worse not to have it. . . . But"—abruptly—"that isn't what I wanted to say. I am going away. I have come to say good-bye."

"To say good-bye?" she echoed in amazement. "Where are you going? I don't understand."

"I have had a very good appointment offered me at Melbourne. I think I shall go. It would be foolish to refuse. It is a position of some importance in the medical world; it may lead to even better things. . . . You have been so kind; I could not go without seeing you, and my time is limited. That is why I came in to-night." He spoke rapidly, disjointedly.

"You are going—" she said, "going away? But this is the first we have heard of it. Why have you kept it so secret; what does it all mean? It seems so strange—so sudden. I can't believe it."

"It's true enough," he answered dully. And so it was, although a few hours ago he had scarcely considered the possibility of going. The appointment had been offered him, and he had naturally felt pleased at being chosen for such an honour, but he had no wish to leave England. Now it was different. For six months he had allowed himself to dream, but to-night he had been rudely awakened.

One thing he had snatched for himself from Fate's grudging hand—this one hour, the last he might ever have with the woman he loved. He had given Fanshawe a sleeping-draught instead of the pick-me-up he had asked for, and there was no danger of his awaking until too late. For this one night Cynthia should be his; nothing and nobody should come between them.

"I'm sorry; I'm very sorry. I—we shall miss you very much." She spoke softly, almost under her breath, and he leaned forward eagerly to listen.

"It is kind of you to say so."

"Why do you speak like that? Don't you believe me? We have been such friends; you have talked to me and told me things. You never got out of patience if I didn't understand. Now you don't seem to care; you seem glad to go. I—I think it is rather unkind."

"Cynthia, you know better than that." They neither of them noticed that he had used her name for the first time.

"Then why do you pretend? Why are you so cold and strange and distant all at once? Something is the matter—you are quite changed."

"Sometimes it is wise to pretend."

"Not with a friend—a real friend, like I hoped you thought me. Do you think I am only fit for fair weather—that I can't understand or sympathise with trouble and sorrow? You don't know." There was a break in her voice.

"If I spoke," he said with sudden passion, "I should

(Continued on page 136)

Pencil Portraits of Stage Favourites

(DULY AUTOGRAPHED BY THEMSELVES)

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HAROLD H. SMITH

(Previous issues containing drawings by Harold H. Smith of Sir H. Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Lily Elsie, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and Mr. Gerald du Maurier, and by R. G. Mathews of Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Winifred Emery, Mlle. Anna Pavlova, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Elsie Spain, Miss Valli Valli, Miss Laura Cowie, Miss Zena Dare, Mr. Henry Ainley, and Mr. Norman McKinnel, may be obtained from the Publisher)

(Continued from page 134)

have so much to say; more, perhaps, than you could hear—or forgive. I fear to offend, but since you ask, and because I can't bear that you should think me ungrateful, I will say this much. I am going because you are not free, because you have already promised to another man what I would give all I have to win. . . Now do you understand?"

"I understand," she said after a moment, "and I am glad you have told me. I can't alter what is. I have given my word; I could not take it back—least of all now when he is ill and wants me. But—but I am sorry." With a sharp exclamation Grahame caught at her hand. "Hush! We won't say any more. It was my fault; I made you speak. I shall always be glad to remember that you are my friend—the best of friends. . . . Now go—and God bless you."

"Give me something," he said hoarsely, "the least thing that belongs to you." She took a rose from her breast and gave it him without a word. But he looked in her eyes, and was almost satisfied.

"I knew she'd be loyal," he said proudly, even in his misery, as he went away. "Once a promise always a promise with her. That she should care!—and she does. Whatever happens now, I won't complain."

When Dr. Grahame reached home he looked in on Fanshawe before going to his own room. The window was wide open, and it felt cold. He took up a rug to throw over the sleeping man, and started a little as he saw the white face, which was sunk low down in the pillows. He touched him, and his expression changed. The slack hand was icy cold. For a minute Grahame stood like a statue; then he dropped on his knees and tore open the unconscious man's waistcoat and shirt. He put his ear to his heart—but there was nothing to be heard there, any more than he had been able to find any pulse in the heavy wrist.

Cyril Fanshawe was dead.

Grahame dropped on a chair, half stunned by the shock. It was horrible. Alive and apparently well an hour or two ago, gay and flippant, making light of everything as was his wont, and now—dead. That thought alone filled his mind at first to the exclusion of all else. It was so terribly sudden. He had only landed in England that morning; there had been no time for anything, no welcome home—nothing. He had passed safely through the perils of the sea, of a strange country, and died quietly in his sleep on his first night at home. The end had come probably without even a warning, the face looked too calm and peaceful for fear or pain to have troubled it; in so far it had been a merciful death.

But a second thought followed swiftly on the first. Why had he died? What had caused this sudden death? Grahame started up with a strangled cry. He remembered the sleeping-draught. Was he responsible for what lay there, without speech or movement? If Fanshawe had a weak heart, the narcotic might have killed him. He ought to have been more careful, made some examination, asked some questions; instead, he had taken everything for granted. He had thought only of himself. True, Fanshawe looked well; he had never heard of his suffering from heart trouble, the mischief had been with his lungs; but that did not exonerate him. He had prescribed without knowing anything of his patient's condition.

"My God!—how awful!" he muttered. "What shall I do?"

What would the world say? Worst of all, what would Cynthia think, though she might say nothing? He would have to tell the whole story now; of how Fanshawe had come to him, and of the sleeping-draught he had prescribed. The butler, who had taken it up, would mention it if he didn't. Possibly, even, the police would ferret out his subsequent visit to Cynthia, Fanshawe's *fiancée*. It would look queer altogether. A doctor's fame was so easily tarnished. Would he be made to pay in more ways than one? He paced restlessly to and fro as he thought it out.

"She'll wonder why I never told her that he was with me," he said to himself; "why I kept it all so secret. I hardly know why I did myself. Only it was my last night, and I didn't want to bring his name in; besides, I couldn't give him away, and how could I explain his presence otherwise?"

There would have to be an inquest, of course; and Grahame eventually decided that he would not go near Cynthia until it was over. It depended on the verdict whether he would ever see her again. Even if she had ceased to love Fanshawe, his death would not be less a shock to her; she would naturally shrink from the man who had had a hand in it, however unwittingly. But in her heart would she quite believe that he was entirely blameless, knowing how he loved her? He gave a gesture of despair. The faintest suspicion on her part would raise a barrier between them stronger than iron bars.

. . . . . .

Grahame was sitting in his consulting-room late at night. The inquest on Cyril Fanshawe was to be held on the morrow. He was personally acquainted with the doctor who had made the post-mortem, and he had ascertained from him the cause of death—heart failure. The fatal words seemed to crush him like stones. He had dared to hope that it might have been due to some obscure disease, or some unsuspected injury; but now there was no longer any hope; it was all settled. He sat staring straight before him, going over and over the words that had passed between them.

"He could never have had much of a constitution, I should say," his friend had remarked; "and he has played the deuce with what he had. Pity! Never took any care of himself, I suppose. Looked as if he had been going the pace."

"You are sure it was heart, not lungs? He went abroad to cure some pulmonary weakness, you know."

"Quite sure; not a doubt of it. The lungs were weak, but they need not have killed him for years to come, if then. The heart could never have been strong, though probably it has only got so bad quite recently. The touch too much might have come at any moment from a slight cause—cold, excitement, over-exertion—anything."

"You wouldn't have given a man in that condition a narcotic?"

"Certainly not. Why? He had evidently been drinking, and that would have been quite enough strain on his heart without anything else. If he was in the habit of taking drugs, of course that would easily account for the sudden collapse."

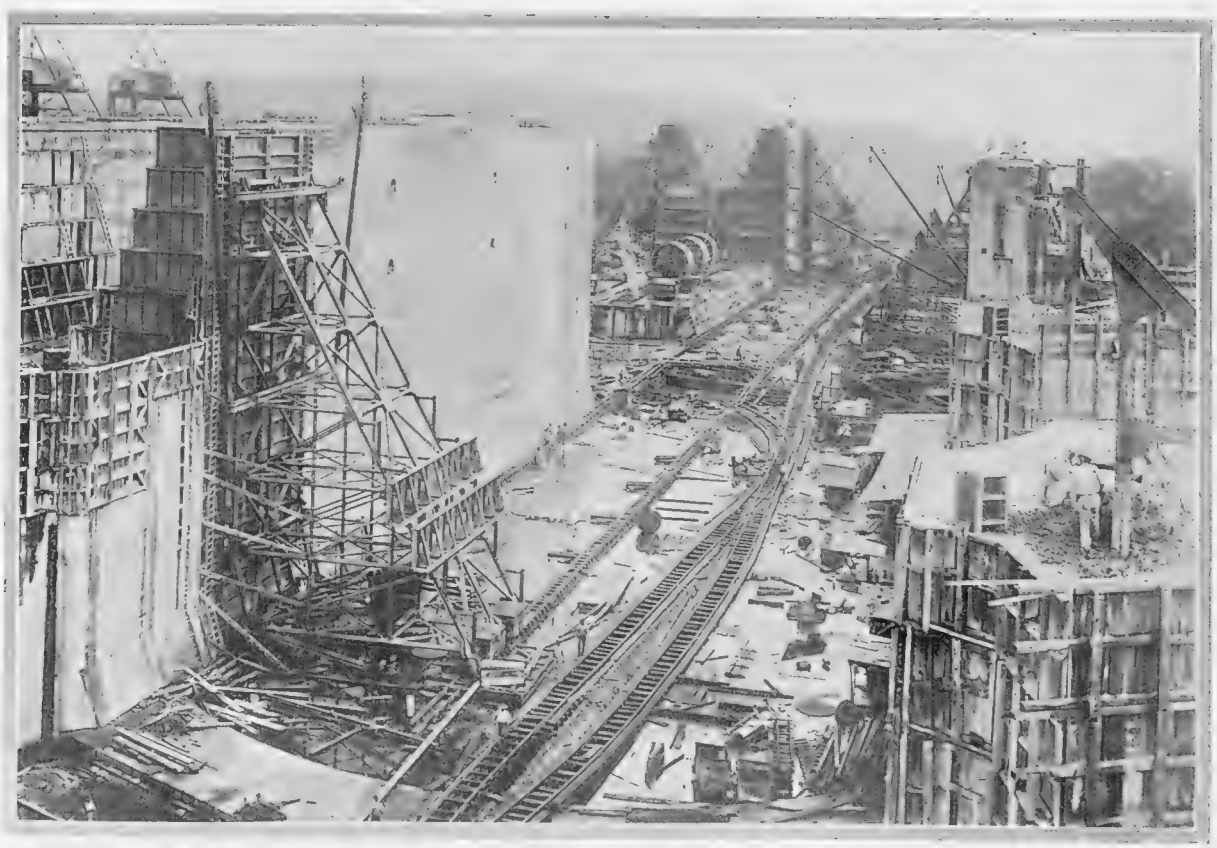
That was what he had said; that was what he would say on the morrow. Grahame saw no hope anywhere. He had not gone near the Mostyns; he had heard nothing of Cynthia, except that she was quite

(Continued on page 138)

"Oh, East is West, and West is East"

(OR, RATHER, WILL BE WHEN THE PANAMA CANAL IS COMPLETED)

General View of the Culebra Cut, Panama Canal, Taken from the Top of Contractor's Hill



View from Top of East Wall, Upper Lock Gatun, showing the East Chamber of the Upper Lock, and a Good General View of the Massive Works

Two photographs, giving a vivid idea of how vast an undertaking is the Panama Canal, which will shortly connect the Atlantic with the Pacific, and render the latter ocean accessible (by American permission) to West-going commerce, and the Atlantic to East. When this is accomplished, there will no longer be force in the famous couplet, "Oh, East is East, etc.," for in the Panama Canal the twain will meet, but how far the eastern and western oceans will be inter-navigable will depend on the goodwill of Uncle Sam, whose international power will be immensely increased by his possession of the Canal

(Continued from page 136)

prostrated. He knew her tender heart and conscience. She would be blaming herself for even that one brief disloyalty to her lover, particularly as it had happened on the night of his death.

The door opened, and Hooper, the butler, came in.

"Shall you want anything more to-night, sir?"

"Nothing, thank you. You know about to-morrow. Of course, I shall not be seeing any patients in the morning, as I have to attend the inquest. By the way, perhaps you had better be there in case they want to call you. You took Mr. Fanshawe up his medicine, you remember."

"Yes, sir." The man hesitated. "Will they want to know about that, sir? Because, if so, perhaps I'd better tell you now. I took it up, sir, right enough, but Mr. Fanshawe didn't have it."

"Didn't have it?" Grahame shouted, springing to his feet. "What do you mean? Why didn't you tell me before?"

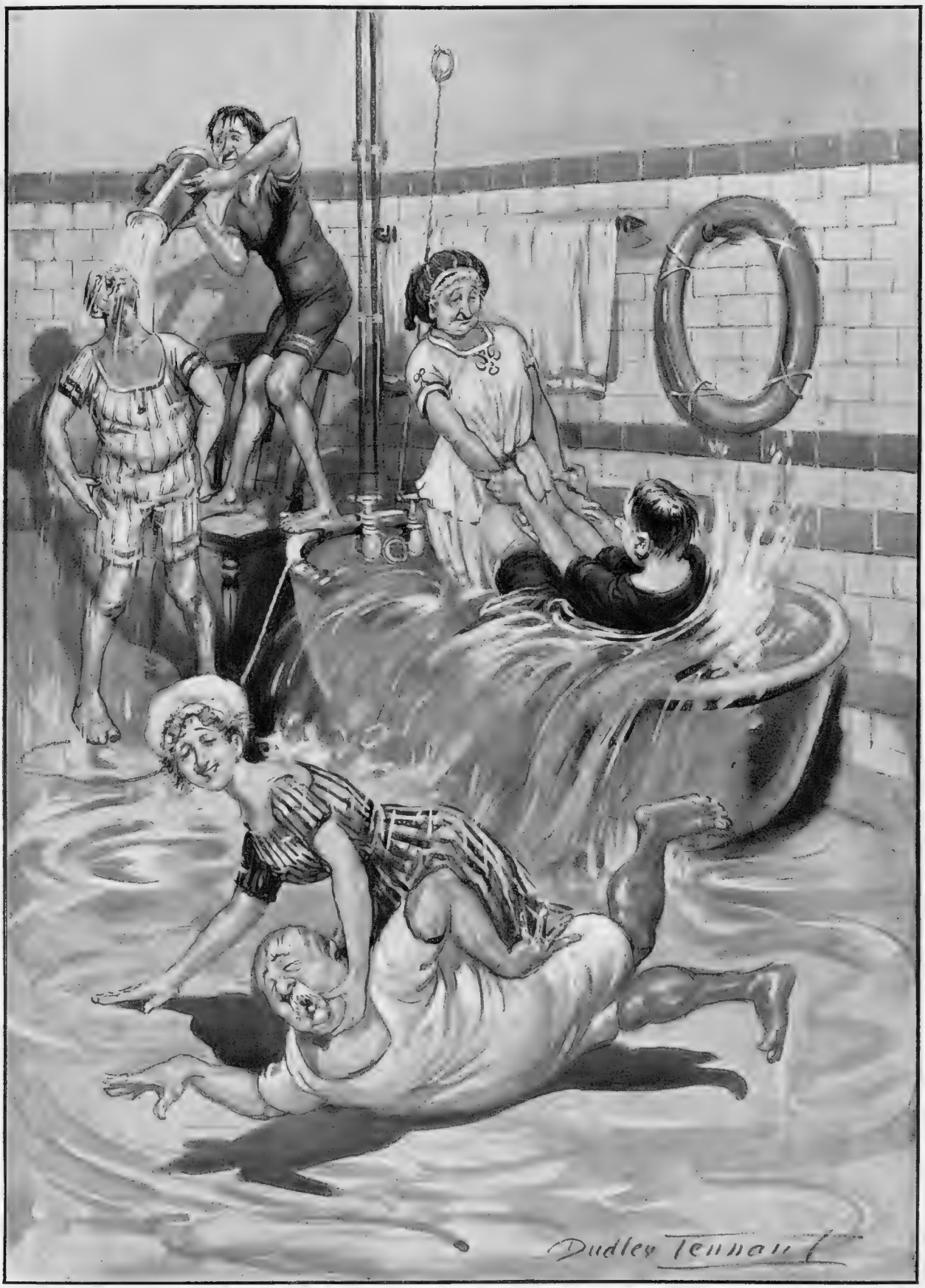
"I didn't know it mattered as much as all that, sir; and I was afraid you'd be vexed. He was nearly asleep when I went in, and he wouldn't have it—pushed it away, and it got spilt. I'm very sorry, sir; I would have told you before if I'd thought it made any difference."

"Good God, man! It makes all the difference in the world." He dropped back in his chair, faint from joy and relief, and covered his face with his hands. Hooper had never seen his master so upset before, and, amazed and bewildered, he went softly from the room.

DEREK VANE.

"CUBS": A SEASONABLE STUDY BY H. M. BATEMAN

Outdoor Hobbies for the Home



NO. II.—MIXED BATHING IN THE BATHROOM

BY DUDLEY TENNANT

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Royal and Ancient Autumn Meeting

The autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club marks, to all intents and purposes, the close of the season for amateur golf. There are, of course, still other meetings of great clubs, but they are not so intrinsically important as the St. Andrews function. It may be said, therefore, that the gun which is fired as the last couple comes in on the great day tolls the knell of the year's amateur golf. The field that turned out for the King William IV. Medal this year was a large and representative one, the only notable absentees being Messrs. Maxwell, Laidlay, Hutchison, and the two Hoylake stars, Messrs. Ball and Graham. The event proved a triumph for that admirable and popular player, Mr. W. E. Fairlie, who equalled Mr. N. Hunter's and Mr. V. A. Pollock's record with the superb score of 74, a score which was composed without any fireworks, and which, on account of its wonderful steadiness, may well be termed the ideal of sound play. This is the best thing that Mr. Fairlie has done in his long career, and marks the crowning point in his fine record of successes. The second medal was tied for by three players, Mr. E. Blackwell, Captain Skene, and Mr. J. A. Shaw, with scores of 77. The latter could not remain to play off the tie, which resolved itself into a duel next day between the two first-named. The mighty driver was in his finest form, and never gave the Captain a chance, his winning score being 74, thus equalling the previous day's record. The "Glennie" medal for the combined spring and autumn scores was won by Mr. Guy Campbell with an aggregate of 161.

Well Out!

Mr. Harold Hilton playing out of a bunker in the course of the first half of his match with Miss Cecilia Leitch last week

The Business Meeting

So much for the play, and now let me turn back to the business meeting of the previous day, at which some matters of moment were decided. The list of "agenda" was a long one, and I cull from it those points which are of general interest. No further progress in the matter of the "links congestion" could, unfortunately, be reported, and the question therefore remains in *statu quo*, but it may be hoped that club and town may before long come to some amicable and honourable settlement satisfactory to both sides. The necessity is urgent if St. Andrews golf is to regain its pristine attraction. The meeting agreed to a local rule declaring the railway out of bounds, but this rule is only to come into force when the ruined wall bounding the Elysian fields has been rebuilt. Whether that wall is also then to form a boundary, as it ought to, is not quite clear, only the railway being mentioned. A change in the international match, which I mentioned a little while back, and which I heartily welcome, was also approved. In future the match will consist of three foursomes, each match being one of thirty-six holes, to be played to a finish. This is an excellent alteration, more especially as it will impose less strain on prominent candidates for Amateur Championship honours than the old method of singles. Certain verbal alterations were made in Stroke Rules 10 (2) and 11 (1), which are not sufficiently important to quote, but which add greater clearness to either Rule.

Farewell to the "Mallet"

The most important item was the alteration of Rule 1 (1), which now reads as follows: "The game of golf is played by two sides, each playing its own ball, with clubs made in conformity with the directions laid down in the clause on 'Form and Make of Golf Clubs.'" This latter clause has been amplified by the addition of these words: "It also regards as illegal the use of such clubs as those of the mallet-headed type, or such clubs as have the neck so bent as to produce a similar effect." There is also published a note consisting of three paragraphs containing the "considerations" which will guide the Rules Committee in interpreting this Rule. Thus has the harmless and rarely used mallet club been finally banished from the realms of golf. It may be legitimate to inquire why the Committee, when revising Rule 1 (1), did not make it more fully explanatory of modern golf, which in some cases, such as three-ball matches (for which, indeed, rules have been made), consists of more than two sides.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

OUR ENLARGED MOTOR SHOW NUMBER WILL BE PUBLISHED ON NOVEMBER 2

The Battle of the Sexes

MISS LEITCH BUNKERED ON THE WALTON HEATH COURSE

Last week's great match of 72 holes up, played half on the Walton Heath and half on the Sunningdale courses, between Mr. Harold Hilton and Miss Cecilia Leitch, in which Mr. Hilton conceded the odds of a half, created widespread interest, forming as it did a test of the relative strength of the best golfers of both sexes

Where Cruelty Begins in Hunting

By LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

THERE has always been and will be a certain section of Society entirely opposed to hunting, their reason being that it is absolutely and wantonly cruel. Hunting in some form or other has existed all over the world from prehistoric days, and is, therefore, by no means a new form of diversion. It began, as we all know, as the means whereby man obtained his daily food. Some two hundred years ago foxes in this country became so numerous, and caused such destruction, that attention was turned towards finding and catching them with hounds. Hitherto they had been trapped, or caught and killed as vermin, their heads being nailed upon the church doors, the parish paying one penny for each mask produced. Hunting, therefore, is neither a new form of sport nor yet altogether a passing craze of the leisured classes to kill time. It is a sport which is necessary, and for very obvious reasons, and it is one which, in most cases, is conducted with a minimum of cruelty.

In life there must always be a certain amount of what we must call cruelty for the sake of a better word. Nature herself shows cruelty inasmuch as animals, birds, and insects prey upon each other, hunting and killing in many cases with most brutal methods. People may argue that this is no reason why man should resort to cruelty. Quite true. It is, of course, difficult to argue that hunting is not cruel, for being chased by a pack of eager hounds crying for blood is scarcely exhilarating to the chased. The great "Mr. Jorrocks," however, argued that as hounds and horses and men all liked hunting there was no reason whatever to suppose that foxes did not equally enjoy it! Now, a fox is by nature a wild animal that lives by catching its victims by stealth. So much so, in fact, that "Mr. Jorrocks" christened him "the thief of the world." He is not content to kill a single fowl or chick, but must, when once inside a hen-roost, kill as many as he can. Mr. Fox is a gentleman that has got to be caught himself otherwise the country would soon be overrun with them, and hen-roosts, coverts, and stock generally would pay heavy toll, and tears and lamentations of owners of poultry and pheasants would fill the air. But Mr. Fox is a very wary fellow, and is very wideawake indeed to his own safety, and catching him is not quite so easy as "shelling peas." He must, therefore, be either trapped, shot, poisoned, or—hunted.

So far he has been hunted as being the fairest means of finding and catching him, for it gives him more than equal chances for his life. Poisoning, trapping, or shooting, which unhappily goes on surreptitiously in many parts, gives the wretched animal none, and probably in many cases gives horrible suffering in addition. Hunting, as it is conducted now, is generally fair to the fox. There are, however, some Masters who are a little too keen on getting blood, and this causes them to do a thing which I personally am very much against, for I think it amounts to murder, and murder in my vocabulary doesn't spell sport. The practice I allude to is the digging out of foxes after they have given a good run. I contend that when a fox has been found by hounds and has been clever enough to get to ground, that this should be sanctuary.

If, however, my views go too far, and it is desirable that a particularly wily depredator of chicken-runs should be brought to book, then I say that if he is to be dislodged from his earth or drain, hounds should be withdrawn some distance to allow him a start and a second chance for his life on emerging. But digging a fox out in cold blood, with terriers inside the earth barking and screaming at and fighting the wretched, hunted creature, with twenty couple of hounds waiting above, giving tongue to their desire for its blood, is where cruelty commences. Slowly and gradually the diggers work down with pick and spade to where the fox is panting and cowering in an agony of terror. No hope! No chance! No way to move or turn, he is cornered, helpless—a hundred against one. Those who have seen this sort of thing know it is a one-sided fight, and Englishmen are generally lovers of fair play.

I have seen Masters stand over a drain or hole in which a fox has taken refuge, and make the lash of their whips into a slip-knot, which they lower over the mouth of the hole. The terrier, put in to bolt the fox, sends him poking his head out of the hole. The fox's head goes unknowingly into the snare awaiting it—the Master's lash. The instant his head is through the lash is drawn and the knot slips tight round the fox's throat. In the same moment the Master hauls the wretched thing out and throws it, whip and all, over his shoulders into the mouths of the now madly excited hounds, which are all around him. It is sudden death then with a vengeance—it is more, it is rank murder. Such acts are worthy only of suburban Sunday rabbit coursers. It is these acts which make humane people condemn hunting. As in so many phases of sport, the wanton acts of the few bring general condemnation on the whole body of fox-hunters. Hunting-men are not cruel; far, far from it, they are generous, large-hearted, and humane, as are all who live their lives in the fresh air. Hunting is a health-giving sport, and they who hunt are generally in the best of health and spirits. Those who boast of *mens sana in corpore sano* are not usually given to cruelty. It is the unhealthy folk whose minds are corrupted with that form of disease which does not hesitate to give suffering without a thought to man or beast.

Columbia's Queer Customs

RAGGING A NEW YEAR IN AT AN AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

The Class Tug-of-War

Sophomores Going in Search of Freshmen

Freshmen Being Made to Row on the Green

The "Rag" Rampant: A General View of the Mêlée

'Varsity undergraduates all the world over enjoy a "rag." In America the commencement of each academic year is celebrated by a sort of organised "rag" on traditional lines, which includes tug-of-war and certain initiatory rites by which the Freshmen are, as it were, "blooded," the main idea being (as it appears to the uninitiated onlooker) that the Sophomores (Seniors) sally forth in a body against the Freshmen, take them captive, and compel them to go through various more or less amusing trials and tribulations. Our illustrations represent the celebration of the 157th academic year at Columbia University

Memoirs

I was hoping to talk about Lady Dorothy Nevill's Memoirs, but Mr. Methuen is already issuing a fourth edition. All the good stories from the vivacious volume have now been retold, and *Five Reigns* has become a classic from which many will crib in the future. It would be presumptuous to compete with so famous a diarist, yet some day I shall publish my own "Memoirs," for which I anticipate at least a *succès* Cardigan, though they only extend from 1887 to 1900. When the new century began I gave up keeping a journal; "*Mes larmes*," as Blanche Amory called her own, dried up. Things have happened since, however. I recall one incident that may not be without interest to Bystanders. A few years ago I edited a volume that attracted considerable attention in Russia. There were eight unauthorised editions of the work. For in Russia there is no copyright in foreign works.

A Memory of Maxim Gorky

I was, therefore, much gratified when a distinguished man of letters invited me to a small gathering to pay homage to Maxim Gorky, then visiting this country after his unpleasant American experiences. The party, I was told, was carefully selected, in that it consisted only of those whom Gorky wished to meet. Needless to say, I went merely as a shadow—as the editor of a book Gorky admired. The others were real live lions. There were barely fourteen, counting the Gorkys and our host, in a little flat at Westminster.

"Les Dieux de Chez Maxim"

It really was a wonderful evening, with H. G. Wells, Henry James, Thomas Hardy, Maurice Hewlett, Henry Nevinson, Bernard Shaw, and the rest, the least known writer, except myself, being the present Governor of Zanzibar, and author of one of the most delightful novels I ever read. Ineffaceable is the memory of that tiny room, filled with such a galaxy of genius. Gorky cannot speak French or English, so Madame Gorky and our host, a fluent Russian scholar, acted as interpreters. They were both much exhausted. It was arranged that everyone should take fifteen-minute rounds with the great man, an astonishing shaggy figure in a blue sweater, who seemed a cross between a penwiper and an Eskimo. Fortunately for us, Bernard Shaw was the favoured first, and his fifteen minutes were crowded into two hours! The general conversation among the others waiting their turns was easier than you would have thought. At last, when four o'clock struck from Big Ben, a cab was fetched, and our host escorted the Gorkys to the street door. Silently, in some instances not quite steadily, we were putting on our overcoats in the vestibule of the flat when our host reappeared with a wan smile on his tired, intellectual face that always reminds one of a Tintoretto. "I have brought a message to you all from Gorky," he said.

A Flattering Message

We waited like boys waiting the result of a scholarship examination; it was an awe-inspiring moment. Each man felt that no common evening had closed. "Gorky wants me to tell you that he has spent an evening he will never forget; that to-night he met almost everyone he admired in England; everyone he wanted to meet." There was a murmur of gratuitous deprecation. "There are only *two other* writers he wanted to see," our host went on. The coats and mufflers were adjusted; there was an awkward pause. I knew what was coming; but we pressed him to be more explicit. "The only others Gorky hoped to have seen here . . . were Hall Caine and Marie Corelli!!"

Miss Marie Corelli

How many of them had really read Miss Corelli? I don't pretend to have read all her books, but I have heard mocking at her manner and her style from people who, on cross-examination, admitted they had never opened one of them. She is not, of course, a novelist's novelist; she is scarcely for the literary. Yet there is a humanism in her books, a kind of righteous indignation, that breathes the sincerity so painfully absent in journalism. Miss Corelli fights for sides and heroes not mine. Still, how bravely she fights. She proved, and this is what endears her to me, that it is quite possible to get the ear of a large public without the support of the Press. She beat the Press and critics at their own game and on their own ground. Her method is called self-advertisement. What popular novelist does not envy her courage? The superior literary people are, no doubt, above such things. But the others? "Anyone," said a lady novelist to me, "could write Miss Corelli's book; you or I could do so." Whether this was a compliment to herself or me I do not know. "We haven't," was my reply.

The Sibyl of Stratford

But quite apart from the large profits her works must bring her, the message she has for thousands of people who read them and would not read anything else is of singular interest. What it is I won't pretend to guess; but it appealed to Gorky.

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Not having read Miss Corelli's more recent works I confess to having lost touch with the Sibyl of Stratford-on-Avon. As a good Baconian I remember her successful and admirable plea for the Swan's *decoy grave*, which was in danger of further desecration from the late Sir Theodore Martin's monumental and uxorious enthusiasm.

"The Devil's Motor"

So her latest work, *The Devil's Motor* (Hodder and Stoughton), has not very much significance for me. I do not own a motor myself, and I gather that the prose fantasy was written as libretto for the pretty, fantastic illustrations in colour by Mr. Arthur Severn. I prefer the simple landscapes and sky effects to the more obvious *diablerie* of others. Miss Corelli, in choosing a motor-car for the Devil's method of locomotion, indicates her distaste for the newer conveniences of transit. Some verses of Shelley and Coleridge, not among their happier efforts, are immediately recalled by the aerial peregrinations of Miss Corelli's hero.

Was it a Daimler?

Some of the metaphors are strange—the "*frozen* shadow of a smile," for instance. I know what a frozen smile is, and I suppose it could cast a shadow over a political or other meeting; but I cannot see how a shadow can be frozen. No hint is given of the class of motor used by the Devil; and here, I think, a distinct opportunity was missed. How wicked we all are, how deplorable is the condition of the world, anyone can find out by obtaining the work, which is a charming gift-book for "All Souls Day" or "All Hallow Een."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling

More kindly is Mr. Rudyard Kipling's optimistic *Rewards and Fairies* (Macmillan: 6*s*.). He goes not to the Devil with Miss Corelli, but to "old" friends—Dan and Una, and Puck of Pook's Hill. The old friends are, however, children. Mr. Kipling has also given himself prodigally to sides and heroes not mine. It has never been my good fortune to be on his side except once, and that was in his least popular poem about the "flannelled fool at the wicket." Being one of the "little street-bred people" for whom he has such contempt, it is a little difficult for me to praise unreservedly one of the great literary artists of our time.

"Rewards and Fairies"

I never graduated in Kiplingese, which was an extra at my school. My parents were poor, and could only afford Greek, Latin, English, and Sanskrit. *Rewards and Fairies* is an admirable present for children to purchase for intelligent parents. It will leave in the mouth a wholesome taste of the nursery, and suggest powers of selection too rare in the young. In a very eulogistic notice of the book I see a reviewer says, "there is not a touch of mere cleverness in it from cover to cover." I could say more; then no one could say less. Everything by Mr. Kipling is "clever" to my mind. Whether children like the gooseberry-bush school of literature I do not know.

Agnostic Children

Parents, however, are its devotees. And all nice children pretend to believe in fairies, ghosts, Santa Claus, and all the other phantasmagoria of the drawing-room, simply to please their parents. There is no reason why they should not pretend to believe in Mr. Rudyard Kipling on similar principles. On the whole, Miss Corelli's book will be more popular with the youngsters on account of Mr. Severn's coloured pictures, if for nothing else. While Mr. Kipling's is essentially for the library, or that awkward hour which I devote to the children after tea.

ROBERT ROSS.

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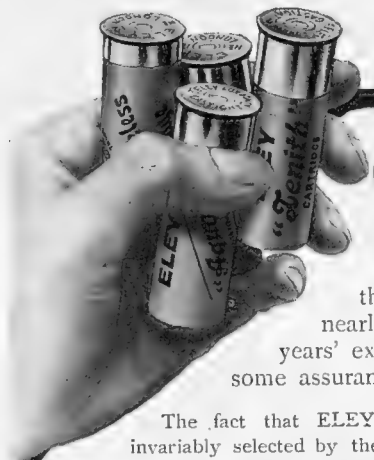

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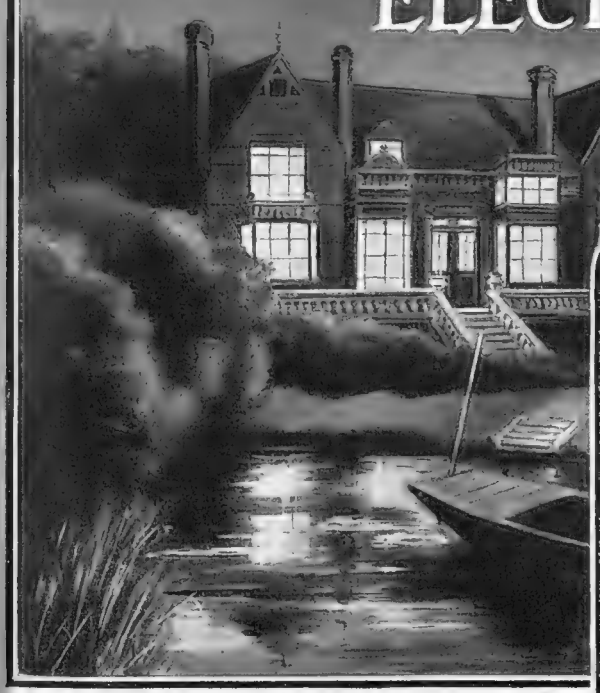

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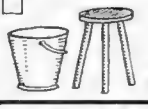

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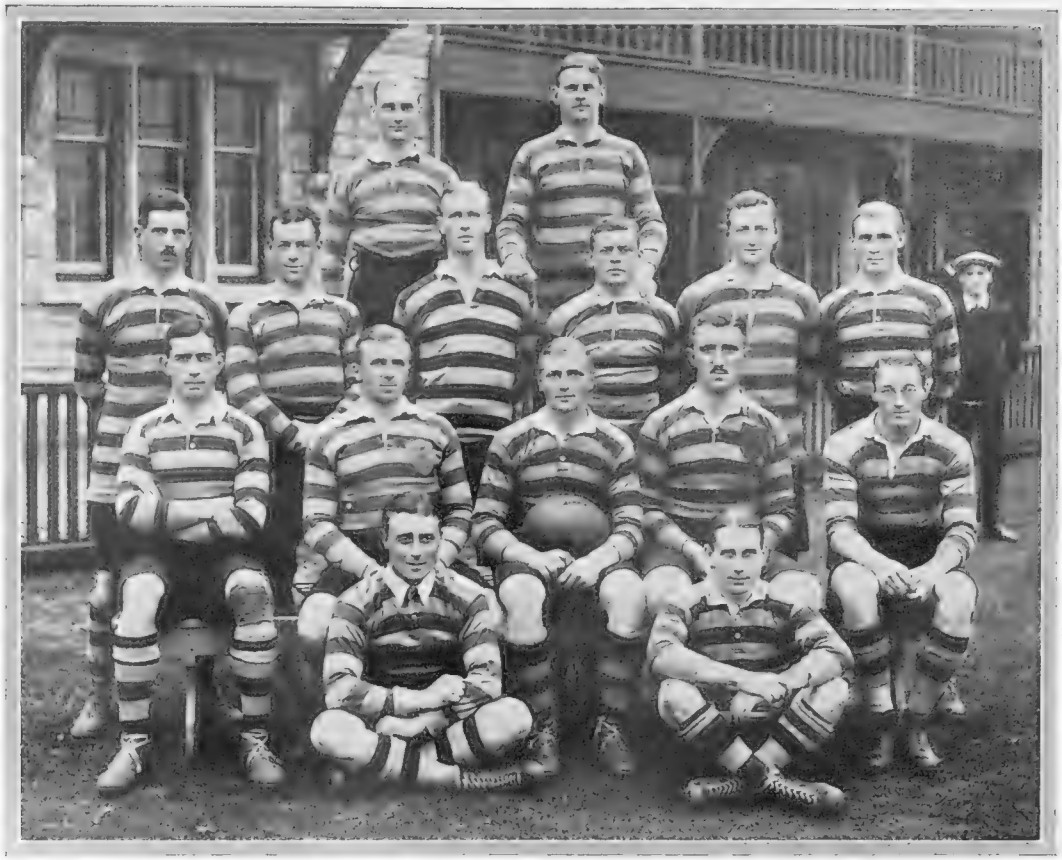

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The United Services Rugby Football Fifteen

The above photograph was taken just before the match between the United Services and Richmond on October 8, when Richmond were decisively beaten by 39 points to nil

RUGBY FOOTBALL

Harlequinitis

There was something irresistibly comic in the groans of disappointment emitted by the papers when the Harlequins went down before the London Scottish. The Harlequins are a fine side—a much finer side than one ordinarily meets with in club football; that estimate will hold good of them in the face of more than one beating. They are largely responsible, too, for the way in which Rugger is booming in England just now. But because a side happens to be above the average it does not follow that it is going to prove invincible—least of all in Rugby football—or that it is the only side worth considering. One seems to have heard of the London Scottish as a power in the land before, and a slight effort of memory is sufficient to remind one that a couple of seasons ago they were at the top of the London tree; that last season, if not actually at the very top, they were not far off it; that they gave Oxford a sound beating within a few days of Oxford's crushing defeat of Cambridge, and a few more little facts like that. One knew, too, that this season their forwards were sure to be strong, and that Cunningham's inclusion at half-back behind them would mean increased attacking power, so that when they met the Harlequins ten days ago it was no "moral certainty" that the latter would win, though the chances might be said to have been, on the whole, in their favour. But our present-day pundits of the sporting Press seem strangely lacking in a sense of proportion, and strangely prone to become obsessed by one idea, which they hammer away at to the exclusion of all others. Recent events, however, have furnished a salutary lesson in the dangers of over-idolisation.

The Services

If, moreover, it had been a case of "Harlequins first and the rest nowhere" the season's doings would soon have lost interest, and it would not have been for the good of the game. As it is, the South seems particularly well off in the matter of "class" teams. We all know how well the Old Merchant Taylors have been doing, and the United Services are settling down into a really formidable fifteen. They have a fine pack, who (like the Harlequins) aspire to something higher than the performance of the ordinary, straightforward duties of forwards. They are opportunists almost to a man, and in the open can play like three-quarters. Behind them W. C. Wilson, the old international three-quarter, is a great acquisition, and has developed a *penchant* for the position of stand-off half-back, while his colleagues, all individually strong, only need a little more cohesion in order to become collectively stronger still. Lyon, too, is back in his old post at full-back, and is, apparently, as good a man as ever.

BILLIARDS

Championship History

In view of the widespread interest which has been aroused in the world of sport by the great match between H. W. Stevenson and M. Inman for the Championship of English billiards now in progress at the Holborn Hall, I am moved to recall to my readers' minds a few of the great players whose names have been associated with the game. The history of the Billiard Championships proper dates from the year 1870, when for the first time a Cup (known as the Old Championship Cup) was instituted, to be played for under a recognised set of rules. Prior to that date there had been players to whom the title of champion had been accorded, including John Roberts, sen., who was undoubtedly the best player in England from about 1847 to 1870, and whose fame would have been even more lasting had it not been subsequently overshadowed by the still greater supremacy of his son, the redoubtable John Roberts, jun.

The Reign of John Roberts, Jun.

In the first year that the old Cup was played for (1870), Roberts the elder was beaten by W. Cook; two months later the younger Roberts challenged and defeated Cook, only to be beaten in his turn before the year was out by Joseph Bennett. Thenceforward until 1885 the honours were fairly evenly divided between Cook, Bennett, and Roberts, but in that year Roberts came finally and conclusively to the front. For the next five years he retained the title of champion unchallenged, and in 1890 the old Cup became his own property. In 1891 new rules for the Championship were drawn up, and a new Cup was presented by the Billiard Association, but Roberts never played for it. No further competition was, in fact, held until 1899, though in the meantime Roberts played Charles Dawson a match on level terms (with the express stipulation that it should not count for the Championship), and beat him by over 2,000 points.

Dawson, Stevenson, and Inman

In 1899, Roberts having embarked upon a lengthy "grand tour" in the provinces and abroad, left the field clear for his younger rivals. Dawson won the Championship in 1899, and for the next four or five years he and H. W. Stevenson fought each other for supremacy with varying success. Then followed the events culminating in an *impasse* which led to Melbourne Inman being declared champion in 1908 and the establishment of a new Championship under the auspices of the recently formed Billiards Control Club, of which Stevenson, as the only entrant, became holder in 1909. Towards the end of the year, however, two challengers came forward, T. Reece and Inman, who had meanwhile successfully defended his Championship under the older *régime*. Inman having beaten Reece, met Stevenson, but the death of Stevenson's wife brought the battle to an abrupt termination, and Inman, like a good sportsman, refused to take the Championship which he was technically entitled to claim. The present contest is, therefore, a replay of that match, and up to the time of writing bids fair to be quite as interesting.

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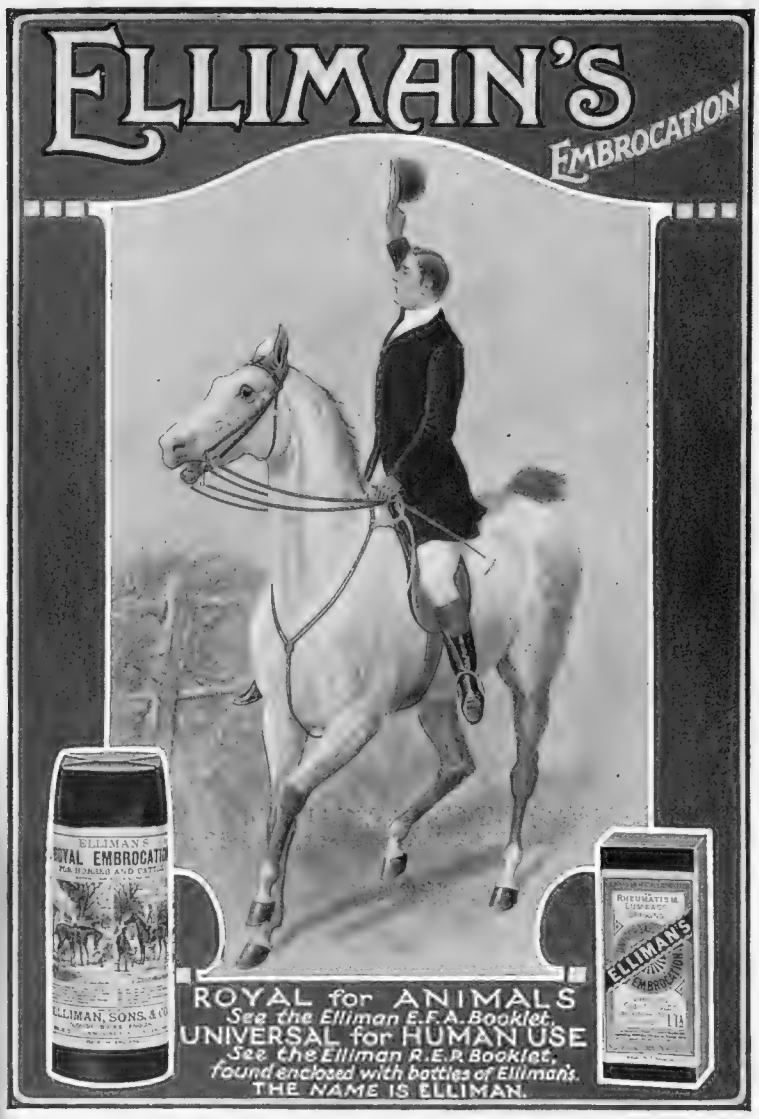

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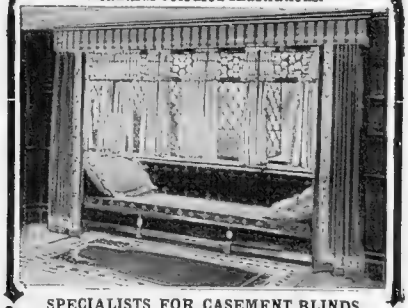

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RACING: The Cambridgeshire

By CARBINE

Will Our 250 to 1 Double Come Off?

Writing in these pages on September 28 I recommended VERNEY and ELECTRA as a likely double for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. On that day Verney was quoted at 20 to 1, Electra at 100 to 7, so that the odds for the double event were at least 250 to 1. I hope BYSTANDER readers who follow these notes—and I know many do, because they write to tell me so—invested a trifle on this double. Glorious odds are 250 to 1, and they look like being won. Even if Electra fails, there is now magnificent hedging to be done, as at the time of writing she stands a hot favourite for next week's race at 6 to 1.

Verney's Cesarewitch

How easily he won! Even if Bronzino had not been under a cloud I doubt whether he would have beaten Mr. Ludwig Neumann's slashing horse. The victor was magnificently trained, and an immense credit to Mr. Gilpin. Excepting the backers of Bronzino, I don't think many people were sorry to see that colt beaten. After all the alarums and market "jobs" his very name became nauseating. One felt impelled to "save" over him, for his form was much too brilliant to be ignored, and he will never get so lightly into a handicap. His owner, however, is to be sympathised with, as in 1909 he might have won the Cesarewitch if Laughing Mirror had not hurt herself on the morning of the race, while this time Laughing Mirror broke down, and Bronzino was undoubtedly handicapped by his mishap.

Coming Events

And now for the Cambridgeshire. I am as solid as ever for Electra. The odds against her have shortened daily, but several others are strongly fancied, notably Whisk Broom. When the American colt beat Dean Swift at Newmarket last week I was considerably impressed by his fine style, and no doubt he will run well in the big race, but I do not think he will beat **Electra** at level weights. Sandown Park is the best meeting of the present week. In all probability Lemberg will pick up another £2,000 here for lucky Mr. Fairie on Thursday. For the Orleans Nursery on the same day my selection is **First Flight**, and **Hallaton** may carry his hunting weight successfully in the Temple Handicap. On the following day **Columbus** should win the Coombe Plate, and **Knockfeerna** may take the Great Sapling Plate, while **Shampoo** may carry his penalty to victory in the Wheatsheaf Handicap. At the jumping meeting on Saturday **Counterpoise** for the Three-Year-Old Hurdle Race must be my only shot.

Gaiety Theatre

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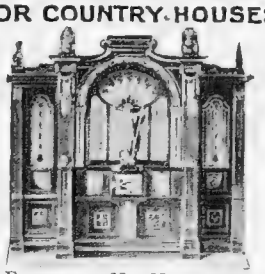

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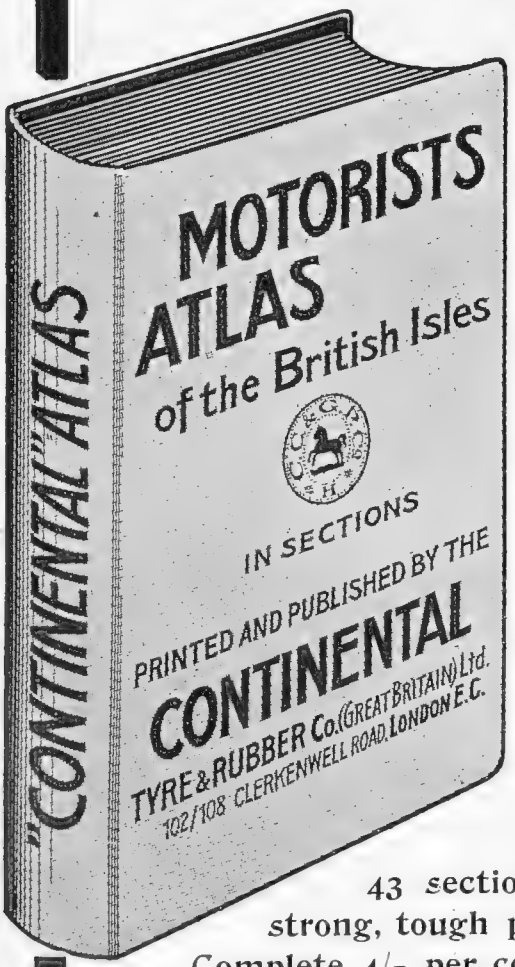

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MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

The Last Lap in the Vanderbilt Cup

Dawson, driving the Marmon, which finished second, entering upon the last circuit, with nothing else in sight. The race produced a disastrous number of casualties, and will probably be the last under the same conditions

Tariffs and the Motor Trade

We hear little of Tariff Reform these days in any connection. Very keen aural development may catch the reverberations of an occasional drum-beat of lugubrious and uncertain sound, but the ordinary person may be forgiven if he concludes that the drummer has been robbed of his thunder. And the ordinary person would be as near to accuracy as ordinary persons may ever hope to get. Given drum-sticks heavy with evidence of trade decline, and our Tariff Reform drummer may pound the skin of misery with great effect. But he cannot do himself justice against the Free Trade band without sticks, and with very little skin. The fact is, of course, that all the statistics just now are against the propaganda of reform in fiscal affairs, and particularly so in connection with the motor trade. We have, without shadow of doubt, been doing very healthily. Against all the competition of the foreign product, and in spite of the handicap of taxation, the British motor manufacturer has "made good," in a most meritorious manner. Wherefore, and while these conditions remain, and however ardently or otherwise we desire change, we are forced by the logic of facts to admit that the dismal forebodings of Tariff Reformers have not been realised in the motor industry.

The Alco Wins

Harry Grant (Alco) finishing in the Vanderbilt Cup

Setting Fashions to the World

This question, however, arises very determinedly from out the ruck of motoring affairs: are we content to sit quiet in the success which has come to us from what we will call the £300 (and upward) class of motorist, or are we making ready to tap that much larger market wherein the limit of purchasing power is £200 and under? We have reached a point with our engineering that enables us to hold our own against all the hosts of foreign Europe—so far as the more expensive car is concerned. A few years ago we were not in the same category. The man who wanted the best car for his money simply had to have a French or German product. French, German, and Belgian cars still bulk large upon our market, but the proportion is changing every year in favour of the British vehicle. Which simply means that when other things *are* equal, the national sentiment of the British motorist is sufficient to incline him readily towards the home-made machine. It having been demonstrated that other things are equal, the demand for the British car increases. It is not a sign of lack of motoring culture to-day to take the road on an all-red automobile. On the contrary, the foreigner has come to see such virtue in some of the output of perfidious Albion, that motoring culture for him is sometimes a British car. So that over the tariff wall of France went a large proportion of the £250,000 worth of vehicles which one British firm (Daimler) exported this year.

The Descent of the Philistines

No. Happily it is not with the competition of these our traditional trade enemies for the £300 and upward car that need give us great concern in the future; nor, for that matter, need the competition (always in the same field) of virile America be contemplated with dismay. *But*, when it comes to

the question of the business of our passing new £200 (or less) motorists, not forgetting that considerable number who paid much more for a car because it could not be helped, but who await the chance, impatiently, of being able to retrench upon their expenditure directly a cheaper, efficient vehicle happens along—when it comes to these, why, the Philistines are upon us already. Probably the largest sales of any single firm in this country during the season just closed were effected by an American firm. Its proposition was a four-cylinder car of approximately 20 h.-p., completely equipped, for about £200. American cars of this price are coming over in larger numbers next season. What are we going to do about it? Useless to sit content with present success. Merely fatuous to talk as if nothing but shoddy and tall tales came from America. From the point of view of the consumer waiting for a low-priced car, it is no satisfactory answer to attempt to shut the invader out with a tariff. There is a greater market in the United Kingdom for this cheap car than has ever been tapped by the British manufacturer yet. It is being supplied by America. What are we going to do about it? That is the question.

Before the Pyramids of Ghizeh
Lord Hampton at the wheel of his 15 h.-p. Straker-Squire

Notes of Interrogation

The answer can only come authoritatively from the expert in car factory organisation. The problem resolves itself into this: Can a British firm with large capital, and by single-model concentration, produce a four-cylindered car of between 15 and 20 h.-p. that will compete in price and quality with the American vehicle which is being sold in this country to-day at about £200? The volume of the output is, of course, one of the dominant factors. May we fairly anticipate a demand on the home market sufficiently large to justify the attempt to compete, without recourse to fiscal change, with the invader? If not, is the only reply to choke competition by tariff? If so, what becomes of the £200 or less motorist? Or is it supposed that a reciprocal tariff can be arranged with America which will give us access to that Brobdingnagian

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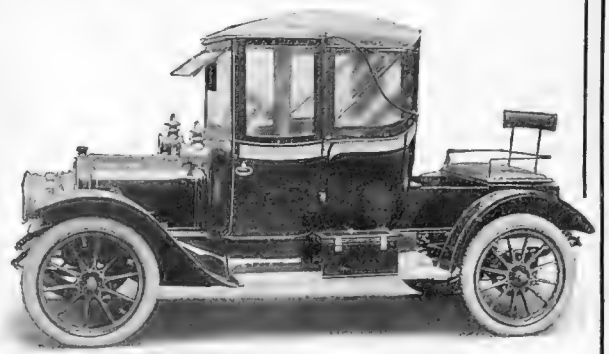

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A PERFECT SPECIMEN OF A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY RESIDENCE.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above delightful old RESIDENCE, built round a small courtyard, and standing in 14 acres of fine old grounds. The accommodation comprises: 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; acetylene gas; stabling for 4, 2 coach-houses, garage, and man's room; 2 cottages; the grounds include croquet lawn, fruit and flower gardens, and meadow-land.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,845)

BUCKS. 25 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

£3,500, FREEHOLD, an artistic and comfortable RESIDENCE. It stands on gravel soil, in secluded grounds, with tennis lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.: 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,761)

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HIGH SITUATION ON SAND SOIL.

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NEAR STATION, AND 6 MILES FROM GUILDFORD.—To be SOLD, this attractive modern RESIDENCE, approached by carriage drive with lodge at entrance. It stands on gravel and sand soil, and contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 principal bedrooms, dressing room, 3 servants' bedrooms, bath, and w.c.; unrivalled views are obtained from the House; excellent water supply and drainage. The grounds include tennis lawn, orchard, woodlands, and comprise in all nearly

6 ACRES.

Price, £3,000.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,190)

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MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED PARK.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS.

LOVELY EXPANSE OF LAWNS.

Walled kitchen garden with glasshouses.

ORNAMENTAL WATER, AND BEAUTIFUL WOOD OF 9 ACRES.

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By Order of the Executors.
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700FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.
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PRICE REDUCED TO £3,700. A VERY CHEAP PROPERTY.

CHILTERN HILLS.—An attractive, artistically designed RESIDENCE, built at great expense for owner's own occupation; standing high;
COMMANDING GOOD VIEWS.
Lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard room, bathroom, 3 w.c.'s, servants' hall; motor-house, bungalow, and cottage; pretty grounds and picturesque woodland of 6 acres.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ON THE CHILTERN HILLS.
550FT. ABOVE THE SEA, FACING SOUTH.

BUCKS (45 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, an artistic modern gabled RESIDENCE, occupying a delightful position on the crest of a hill. The accommodation comprises: billiard, 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; garage, with pit and chauffeur's 3-roomed cottage; the gardens extend to about 5 acres, are delightful in character and inexpensive to maintain; there are numerous woodland walks, wilderness garden, tennis court, etc.—Box K 4,844, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

55 MINUTES OF TOWN.
Occupying a high and entirely secluded position, on gravel soil, with beautiful views.

TO BE SOLD, a substantially built RESIDENCE, occupying one of the best positions in the county. It is approached by a long winding carriage drive, with lodge at entrance, and the accommodation comprises: lounge hall, billiard, 5 reception, 19 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; electric light; telephone; Company's water; main drainage; stabling for 6, men's rooms, farmery; the pleasure gardens and grounds extend to some 30 acres, and are well timbered; there are tennis and croquet lawns, woodland walks and parklike meadow-land; cottage.—Box K 4,799, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

KENT.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, on annual tenancy, a charming COUNTRY HOUSE, situated in about 100 acres of undulating parklands, beautifully timbered and wooded, 2 miles from station and 43 miles from London. THE RESIDENCE is handsomely furnished and modernly fitted, containing: spacious dining, drawing, breakfast, and morning rooms, billiard room, library, and boudoir, 12 capital bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, and w.c. THE DOMESTIC ACCOMMODATION is most adequate, comprising servants' hall, kitchen, butler's pantry, and a range of dry cellaring; acetylene gas throughout; also coach-house, stabling for 4, with man's room over, laundry, etc. THE GROUNDS are tastefully laid out with lawns and flower gardens, and there are well-stocked and productive kitchen garden, 4 glasshouses, and prettily situated fish ponds, with boat-house and boats; shooting over about 200 acres, 65 acres of which are capital cover; the sanitary arrangements are perfect, and there is an excellent supply of water.—Box KF 1,714, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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SURREY (between DORKING and HORSHAM).—The above charming OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE to be LET, Unfurnished, WITH OLD OAK BEAMED CEILINGS AND A GRAND WEALTH OF OLD OAK: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, coach-house or motor-house, small farmery; pretty well-timbered grounds, tennis lawn, flower and kitchen garden, pasture and arable land, extending in all to about 36½ ACRES. Rent, £133 10s.; 7 years' Lease. Premium, £100. Rates and taxes only £6.—Recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (11,814)

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CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE WITHIN A MILE OF THE THAMES AND 50 MINUTES' RAIL OF LONDON.
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TYPICAL OLD SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE.
ABOUT 70 ACRES OF GOOD LAND BOUNDED BY THE RIVER ARUN.

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THE FINEST POSITION IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.
10 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, excellent domestic offices; approached by carriage drive, with lodge; stabling for 4 horses; motor garage; the gardens are of great beauty and shaded by grand old trees; lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard, etc., in all 7 acres, intersected by trout stream; more land can be had. Strongly recommended.—Agents, Wilson and Gray, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

SPECIAL TO ANTIQUARIANS AND SPECULATORS.
The House, when restored, would contain: large sitting hall, drawing room, dining room, offices, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.
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WELL-KNOWN MANOR HOUSE AND 2,000 ACRES, SHOOTING AND FISHING.
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£2,750 FREEHOLD.—50 acres. Most beautiful part of Devon: 9 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, fine hall, 3 reception rooms (one very large); stabling, farmery; charming grounds; everything in tip-top order. *Recommended not only as a great bargain, but as a distinctly attractive Estate.*—Agents, Wilson and Gray, 100, Mount St., London, W., and at Yeovil.

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3½ miles from Horsham and 2 miles from a station.

£173 15s. UNFURNISHED, or would be SOLD for £4,000, singularly attractive PROPERTY in perfect order. The picturesque House has South aspect, stands right back from the road, and contains: hall, 3 good reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; *main drainage; acetylene gas; good water supply; heating; telephone;* stabling for 4; farmery, cottage; charming old-world gardens, lawns, orchard, and paddocks of 13½ acres.—Sole Agents, Wilson and Gray, 100, Mount Street, London, W., who strongly recommend from a personal inspection.

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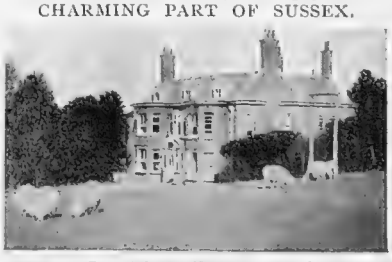

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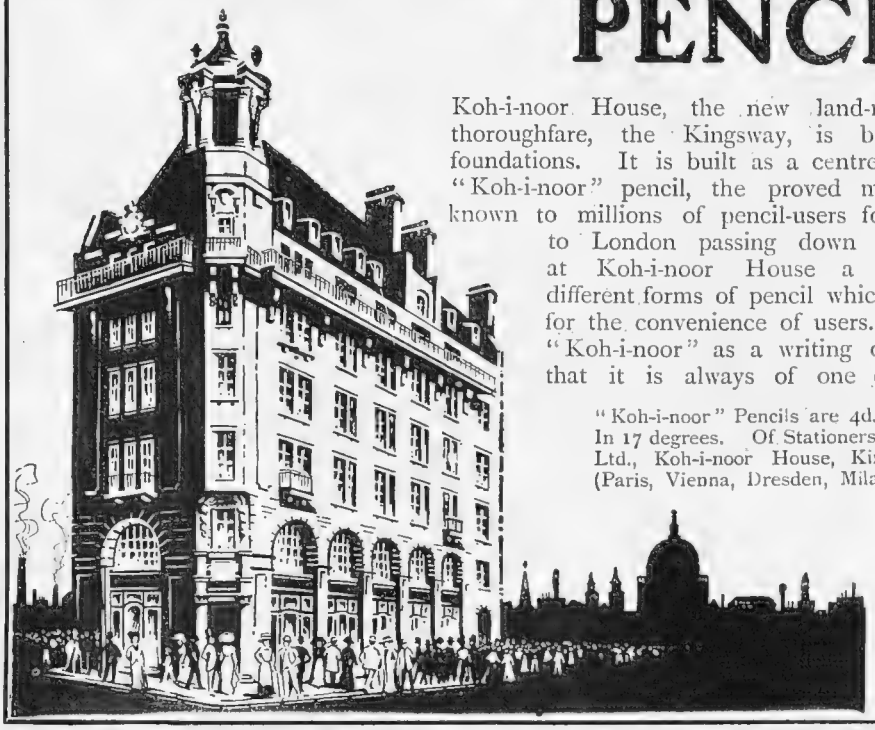

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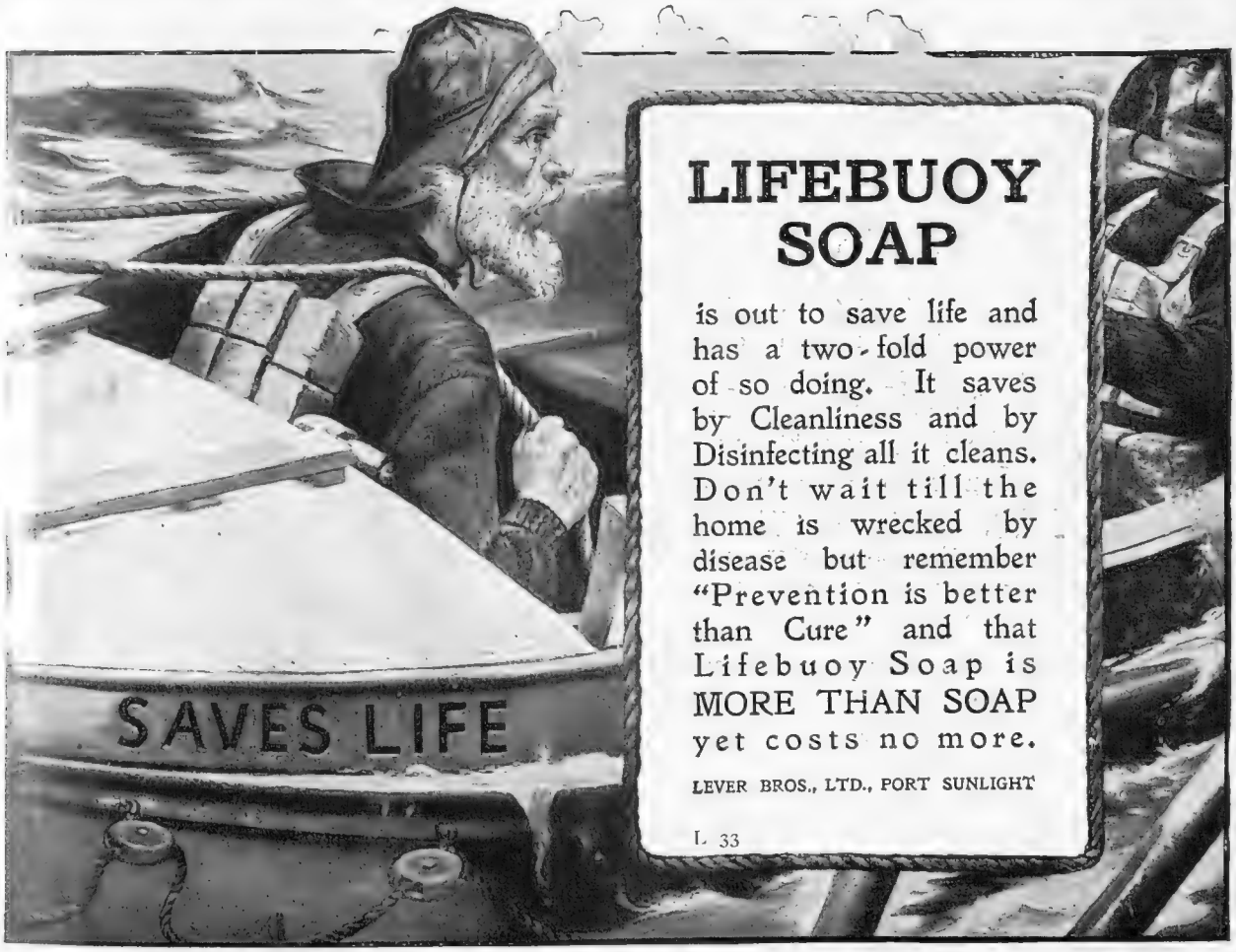

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LEVER BROS., LTD., PORT SUNLIGHT

L 33

market on the same terms upon which we give America entry to our Lilliputian market? Accepting that rather dubious hypothesis, is it expected that, price for price, we can achieve notable success in the American market, particularly having regard to the difference in the road conditions of that country—conditions for which our cars were not constructed? If not, shall we be any better off than now? These are a few questions to which I am interested to obtain authoritative answers—after the Olympia Show. When they arrive we may see where we stand.

Wars and Rumours

Meanwhile, the consumer will hear without dismay the news which, as I write, has just been cabled from America to the effect that one of the powerful combinations of the United States is sending over immediately a large consignment of nearly a thousand cars, which will be disposed of, if necessary, at a loss. If that be true, it is a sign that, despite the purblind prophets of three months ago (who foretold most confidently that any American invasion, particularly an invasion involving a "dump," was out of the question, for the reason that America could easily consume for years ahead all the vehicles which American factories could produce), supply in that country has already overtaken demand, and we are fair game for the surplus. Incidentally, it raises another question upon which authority may offer an answer (with the others), viz., how, with fiscal reciprocity in operation, we are to circumvent such so-called "dumping"?

Miscellanea

I have several times referred to the Straker-Squire as a wonderful little car incorporating all the elements of highest efficiency. The proof of *that* pudding is in the fact that the entire output for the season was sold long ago, while before a single new 1911 model had been assembled, or the price fixed, a round score of orders had been placed for it. That is the tribute of experience to the efforts of Straker-Squire's to produce, by a one-model concentration, the finest "15" that engineering skill could devise. The 1911 model (to be dealt with at greater length in THE BYSTANDER Special Motor Show issue) will be fashioned with the same regard for reputation, will again be the only vehicle produced by the firm's works, and may be relied upon to include the improvements necessary to maintain it in the forefront of advance.

The two standard models manufactured for 1911 by Messrs. Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., are, briefly: (1) A 20 h.-p. four-cylindered chassis with engine dimensions of 90-120mm., 875 by 105 tyres (Dunlop or Continental). It is made in two lengths—9ft. 7in. wheelbase, £440, and 10ft. 3in. wheelbase, £445. This is the new edition of the famous "20" which achieved such a striking run of success in competition. At the last Brooklands meeting it touched 90 m.p.h., an amazing exhibition of engine efficiency. (2) A 30 h.-p. six-cylindered model, engine bore and stroke 90-120 mm.; Continental or Dunlop tyres, 880 by 120; prices, £600 for the 11ft. 3in. wheelbase, £605 for the 13ft. wheelbase. The new prices come in force on November 1. Until then the Vauxhall Company are willing to book orders at the 1910 prices, which are rather lower than those for 1911. A characteristic run of wins on hill and track would seem to have caused many people to overlook the fact that the Vauxhall Company's exhibit at the Brussels Exhibition was awarded a gold medal just before the outbreak of the fire.

Owners of Arrol-Johnston cars should apply for copies of the series of booklets which have been issued for their assistance. One of the books deals entirely with lubrication, and another (of driving instructions) gives particulars for various adjustments about the vehicle.

HOBSON-POGNON PLUGS. Their longevity is phenomenal. A user writes:—"These plugs are fitted to a car which has now run about 25,000 miles." Fit them to your car.—H. M. HOBSON, Limited, 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

Sport at the 'Varsities—Lacrosse Prospects

Oxford's Anomalous Position

One has seen it stated recently that the half-Blue would again be applied for by the Oxford lacrosse representatives this season. This statement could only have been made by someone without acquaintance with recent history, for the colours were refused as lately as last term, when the application of the hockey club for full Blues was similarly treated. The fencing representatives, however, were favoured inasmuch as it was felt to be an anomaly that the boxing people, with whom they are associated in the Inter-'Varsity contests, should possess the half-Blue and the other section of the team should be without it. One can only regret that the anomalous position in which Oxford's representatives in hockey and lacrosse find themselves in comparison with Cambridge was not rectified at the same time, but, as one has suggested before, the only r medy seems to be to bring about a joint meeting of the two Blues' Committees, when a change is toward, neither to effect alteration without the other.

A Moderate Nucleus

As for this season's prospects, Mr. C. D. Dart (St. John's), the new Oxford captain, will have a task of no little difficulty in getting a good side together. Of last year's defence there are available but Messrs. G. Lanctot (St. Catherine's), who played so brilliantly in goal, A. B. Meserver (New College), F. E. Hawkins (University), and possibly R. R. Spread (Exeter) to assist the captain. A new centre will have to be found to replace Mr. Macdonnell, and as yet there is certainly no adequate substitute in view. On the attack there are Messrs. A. Yates (St. John's), the new secretary; M. W. Davies (Christ Church), and H. T. Logan (St. John's) of last year's team, whilst Mr. Adamson may turn out in the early part of the season, but is unlikely to be available for the Cambridge match. His presence should do much to pull the attack together.

A Change for the Better

Of the Seniors, the most promising are Messrs. Beaudry, Leitch, and Carpenter, who should all become very useful players with a little more experience. Mr. Salter, who could not assist last season, hopes to play regularly this year, and he will make a great difference to the defence. Of meritorious Freshmen nothing at the moment of writing has been heard. The team, however, promises to be well balanced, but of only moderate strength, weak on the defence wings, and deficient in scoring power. Turning to Cambridge, the writer finds no little gratification in the fact that the action he repeatedly urged upon the late captain will be adopted this season, and a full fixture-list be arranged for this term. Cambridge should thus have a better chance in the Flags Competition, for she will take the field in January next with a homogeneous side having a proper understanding born of Michaelmas term's practice together. True, many of her best exponents may remain true to "Rugger" this term, in which case they could scarcely expect to be given places either for the Flags contests or the Inter-'Varsity match. In any case, however, the alteration cannot but be for the best, for recruits will be assured of experience in important matches, which must later be of vast benefit to the side. Cambridge prospects are scarcely any brighter than are Oxford's. Of last year's side the following are again expected to be available: Messrs. F. E. Woodall, C. H. Reid, C. Pinkham, the "Soccer" Blue, M. Williamson, J. K. R. Doak, G. B. Bennett, and N. J. Holloway. The Light Blues, however, are specially favoured in being largely recruited from the Leys School, one of the two Public Schools which specialise in the game in this country. R.C. R.

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the only successful pneumatics in the certified

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Others prefer the MEDIUM
One of them is sure to please YOU.
Both the same price

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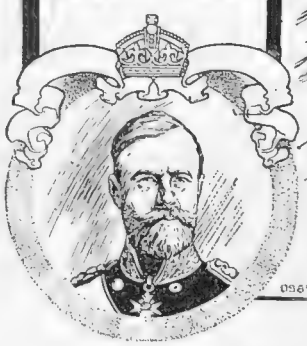

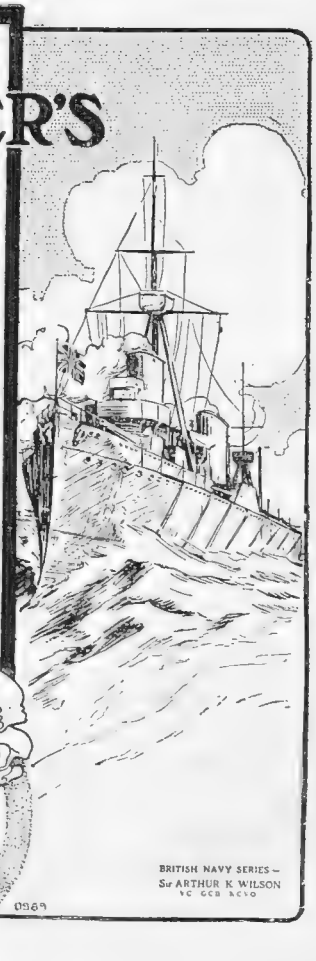

BRITISH NAVY SERIES—
SIR ARTHUR K. WILSON
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0969

By MRS. JACK MAY

THE deeper one dives into the dress question this season the more attractively arresting do the issues appear. That this may not be immediately apparent to the mere onlooker is probable, more especially those whose horizon is limited to the metropolis and its environments. At present these beautiful clothes have not penetrated to either the middle-class purveyor or wearer, both of whom are blissfully content to accept what the mercantile gods provide at a popular price, creations evolved, executed, and, in many cases, delivered ere these sublime efforts were even as much as mooted. No one attempts to dispute the omnipotence of the great Parisian *couturière*, who is making fame for himself with an ultra classical style—"*à la* Poret" is the catchword among the elect.

This Charming Evening Costume is by Messrs. Marial and Armand, Ltd., 10, Place Vendome, Paris, and 125, New Bond Street, W.

Brocades as Souple as Chiffon

Quite some of the most covetable and exclusive models have been secured by the presiding genius at Robinson and Cleaver's. Needless to say, these treasures are not exhibited in the shop window; indeed, they are only shown to clients who are adjudged capable of appreciating their worth. And this, let me tell you, is no arbitrary measure, but just a wise precaution, necessitated by the present-day phase of cheap plagiarism.

A privileged few were invited the other afternoon to a private view, and it was no mere flattered prejudice at being selected that sent us away unanimously agreed in passing the above verdict. Without one touching the commonplace, the selection included models to suit practically all tastes and figures. For the slim, lissom woman, prone to accept at its most extravagant the artistic, exemplified in the high-waist Greek *peplum*, there were some ideal suggestions, notably a visiting toilette of purple velvet, accompanied by a tunic *à la* Poret of cobalt-blue *ninon* mounted over cerise *ninon*, embroidered, to a handsome depth, at the hem with delicately toned silks over applications of tapestry, the approved hard line at either edge being wrought with a lattice-work of gold thread. The high waist was defined by a few close gaugings, a narrow line of embroidery being introduced beneath the arms. An altogether glorious alliance of colour.

In totally different style was a Princesse fashioned of *souple* brocade in a very, very delicate shade of grey and gold. This adorable fabric had the appearance of being just flung round the figure, the material above the waist forming a glorified corselet that ran up in a high point at one side, supplemented by a shoulder drapery and sleeves of the filmiest gold lace. At the left side the skirt was slit up to the waist over a petticoat of gold tissue.

The Home Beautiful

Messrs. Williamson and Cole, High Street, Clapham, have laid considerably more than the corner-stone of a very lasting reputation. The excellence of their wares, together with their inimitable taste, originality, and enterprise, have now received the proof of experienced testing. It is, indeed, no small undertaking to have worked up such a business in the time, and in an establishment situated completely away from the recognised shopping centre.

But Messrs. Williamson and Cole were wise in their generation; they appeared at the right psychological moment, when *art in the home* became not merely a luxury, but an imperative duty. The final evidence of the

FURNITURE
AN EARLY TRAINING

By "CURCULIO"

THE atmosphere in which a youth is reared has as wide a bearing upon his future as any mere book-learning that he may acquire at school. The youth whose surroundings have been cultured should develop into a cultured man, whilst the less fortunate one, whose early environment has been commonplace, is in every danger of growing up with commonplace notions and ideas. This rule, like all others, abounds in exceptions: there is the degenerate who will do no credit to the advantages of youth, and there is the man who, notwithstanding even sordid early surroundings, will assert his individuality and cultivate his senses. Still, the early environment is worth much, and never worth more than to-day, for let sneering critics say what they will in depreciation of our own times and their products, the fact remains that we live in an age of culture second to none that has gone before it. An appreciation of the arts, which was once

the prerogative of princes, is expected to-day of every man with any claims to be considered well-bred. And it is expected of him not only that he should appreciate, but that he shall give practical expression to his appreciation. In nothing is this—or can it be—looked for so much as in the environment which a man creates for himself—the establishment which he sets up. For those fortunate ones whose surroundings from early youth have been such as to develop in them a sense of beauty and of fitness, the task is comparatively a light one. For those who have had no such advantages, it is fraught with grave difficulties. It is at this stage that the services of an expert become desirable, and desirable, for the matter of that, not oly to such an individual as I have supposed, but also to him who is equipped with all the advantages of early training—in short, to all those who wish to create for themselves an artistic home, and wish to obtain the very best results that the outlay they are prepared to make will permit. There is in London a firm of such experts, a firm of high artistic reputation, acquired through generations of good workmanship and æsthetic endeavour, a firm ever ready to bestow upon its patrons the fruits of its own vast experience, a firm whose guidance I recommend as invaluable. I refer to Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher. To enter their showrooms at 217-218, Tottenham Court Road is to realise how well they merit this recommendation, for you enter at once an atmosphere of culture—an atmosphere produced almost insensibly by the supreme good taste of the specimens exhibited and the subtle art with which they have been grouped. Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher's amazing intimacy with the antique of all periods—of the art of reproducing, which they were, as everyone knows, the very pioneers—contributes largely to this effect; their accumulated knowledge, acquired through generations of experience, enabling them not only to collect their specimens with the rarest discrimination, but to give expression to everything that is best in the arts of blending, harmonising, and grouping. Under their guidance, which they place enthusiastically at their patrons' disposal, it will be difficult to go wrong, however dim your notions may be of how to set about furnishing with distinction; and even if your early training and subsequent study have equipped you with exceptional knowledge of the subject, you will still find that Messrs. Bartholomew and Fletcher can be of infinite service to you in more ways than in merely providing you with the furniture you may require.

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supremely ugly Early Victorian taste had been swept away, and the many had begun to clamour for what the few were enjoying, and paying, moreover, a prohibitive price to enjoy.

Messrs. Williamson and Cole bring out a catalogue of completely exhaustive character, containing not only black-and-white illustrations, but many coloured facsimiles of cretonnes, trimmings, carpets, etc. Added to which there are actually attached sample pieces of certain leading lines, such as the famous Cassia and casement cloths, etc.

For the immediate season an especial appeal is made by "Vistorean" velvet and "Novello" plush, Messrs. Williamson and Cole presenting endless schemes for their handling, and providing at all times the lowest possible estimates for making.

Cretonnes, taffetas, and chintzes are all great specialities of the house, many exclusive designs, and frequently produced in all the qualities. However, all and everything to the last thought in upholstery hooks can be learnt of in the latest edition of the booklet entitled "The Home Beautiful," to be had for the asking from Messrs. Williamson and Cole, High Street, Clapham.

Tapestry Brocades: A Great Millinerial Asset

Millinery continues to be a burning topic, and the large toque pursues a successful way. There is a Cossack model infinitely charming and becoming, the success of which is immeasurably enhanced when expressed in some old brocade which throws up in effective relief the regulation band of fur. Some noticeably good hats and toques are being rendered in tapestry brocade, one usually with a cream ground worked over in delicate parti-colourings, through which runs a fine gold, silver, or aluminium thread. Strained tightly over a large shape the appearance of this tapestry is particularly pleasing, the brim lined under with velvet, a great ostrich feather-mount and massed osprey ornamenting the left side of the front.

Wings are already too ubiquitous to be worthy a further moment's consideration. Better no trimming other than those hideous outspreading stiff feathers. Sparsity of trimming, indeed, other than the most beautiful ostrich plumes, embroidered *galons*, or masses of expensive ribbons, is eminently the widest millinery aspect to contemplate.

Our illustration represents two typically *chic* examples of a carriage hat and a modish toque.

Typical Examples of a Carriage Hat and a Modish Toque

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

A Luncheon Menu

Brochet of Smelts
Braised Fillet of Beef with Spaghetti
Chaudfroid of Pheasant
Corn Fritters
Bananas with Whipped Cream
Boston Tit-Bit

Brochet of Smelts

Melt some butter, spread it on a dish, and dredge raspings of bread on it, season with pepper and salt, chopped parsley, and one small shallot cut very fine; pour a glass of wine over the smelts, a little anchovy essence, and Harvey's Sauce. Cook the fish in a good oven for a quarter of an hour, garnish with lemon and fried parsley, and serve very hot.

Braised Fillet of Beef with Spaghetti

Take about 3lb. of the under-cut of sirloin of beef, trim off the fat and the thin skin next to it, lard it with fat bacon, and tie it up with string. Put a slice of bacon into a casserole dish, on this place the fillet, larded side uppermost, surround it with two carrots and an onion cut small, a bunch of sweet herbs, and some parsley; add whole pepper, salt, and two or three cloves. Moisten with a little good stock and some tomato sauce. When the meat is done, strain off the sauce and skim off all fat. Dress some boiled spaghetti with this sauce, adding grated cheese and a good piece of butter, garnish the beef with it, and serve very hot.

Chaudfroid of Pheasant (Cold)

Cut up the remains of a cold pheasant into neat slices, and cover these with stiffened espagnole sauce. Serve round a mayonnaise salad, and garnish with sliced hard-boiled egg. Any game may be treated in this way. For espagnole sauce, fry together 1½oz. of butter, 1½oz. of flour, a sliced tomato, a sliced onion, and a small slice of lean ham; then add gradually half a pint of good brown stock, into which three or four leaves of gelatine have been soaked, boil all together for fifteen minutes, pass it through a sieve, add about half a gill of sherry, skim well, and boil up till reduced about a fourth part. Mask well the pieces of game with this sauce, and allow to set.

Corn Fritters

Pour off half a tin of corn into a bowl, stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, and season to taste. Well beat two eggs and stir in last. Have ready some boiling fat in a frying-pan, into which the batter should be dropped, a dessertspoonful at a time. Drain on paper, and serve at once on a hot dish.

Bananas with Whipped Cream

Stew some bananas in syrup. Cut some slices of bread the length and breadth of the bananas, fry in butter, and drain carefully. When these are crisp, spread them with jam (strawberry for preference), and lay a stewed banana on each strip; arrange them in a glass dish, and cover them with whipped cream.

Boston Tit-Bit

Cut up 4oz. of Cheddar or American cheese, put it in a stewpan with a saltspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of flour, a pinch of pepper, and moisten with a gill of hot milk and a well-beaten egg. Stir till it boils and becomes creamy. Pour on to squares of buttered toast.

Emilia.

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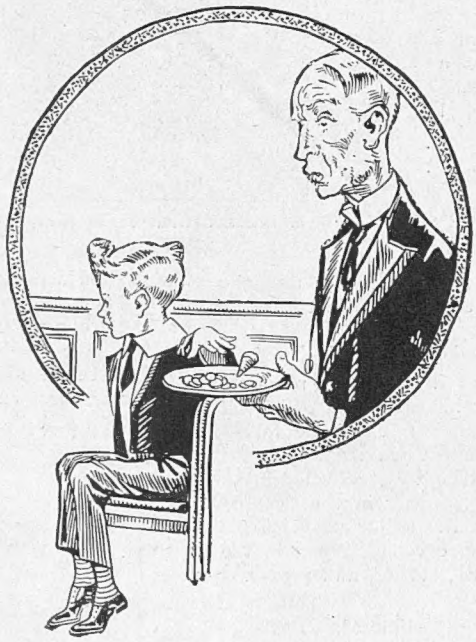

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The Editor's Box

Interesting News for Dog Lovers

To commemorate the Coronation of H.M. King George V., which takes place next year, Messrs. Spratt's Patent, Ltd., the well-known manufacturers of foods for dogs, poultry, cage-birds, and other domestic pets, have decided to offer three gold cups valued 100, 50, and 25 guineas respectively, and three silver-gilt cups valued 15, 10, and 5 guineas respectively, for the six best puppies regularly fed on Spratt's foods. Full particulars of this interesting competition can be obtained on application to Spratt's Show Dept., 24-25, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.

R.M.S. Dunottar Castle

The R.M.S. *Dunottar Castle* of the Union Castle Line (the only large steamer 100 A1 at Lloyd's entirely devoted to pleasure cruises) is chartered for a £23 2s. cruise to Palestine, Egypt, and Greece, leaving October 22.

An Acknowledgment

The photographs appearing on page 13 of the issue of THE BYSTANDER for October 5 are the copyright of the Dover Street Studios.

"The Baby's World"

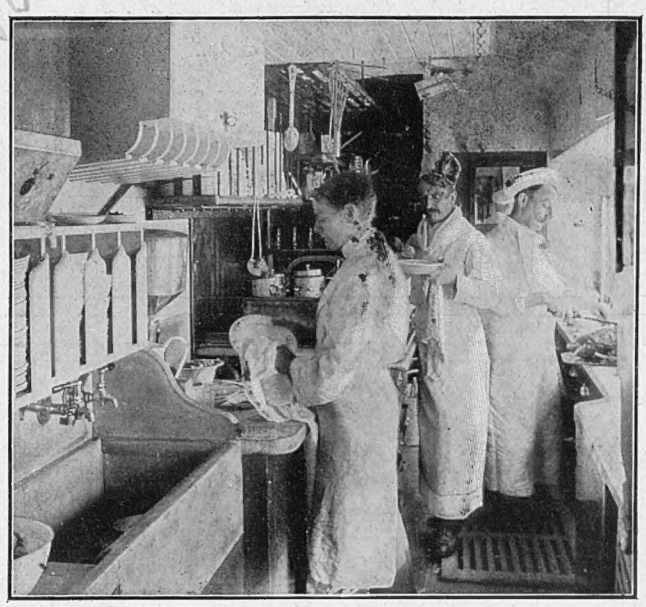
The *Baby's World*, the practical magazine for mothers, is a delightful monthly visitor for the little folk—a charming picture book. Photographs of seventy little tots, collected from far and wide, appear in the October number, and the editor provides for his readers an excellent menu in the way of articles, stories, and poems.

Skin Troubles

From the time Antexema was first introduced as a remedy for skin troubles it has proved that its claims were justified. Severe cases of eczema which have lasted for years and have baffled medical skill, bad legs which were apparently incurable, rashes, eruptions, face spots, and the skin ailments of children all yield to this remarkable British remedy. Antexema is not a greasy ointment, but a non-poisonous, healing liquid, which dries on the skin and forms an invisible, airtight covering to the affected part, and protects it from dust, enabling new and healthy skin to grow. So great is its popularity that it can now be obtained in China, Japan, South America, and, in fact, in every part of the civilised globe. Readers troubled with skin complaints should send three penny stamps to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W., for a copy of their interesting family handbook, "Skin Troubles," and a free trial of Antexema and also Antexema Granules, which are so very valuable in cases of blood impurity.

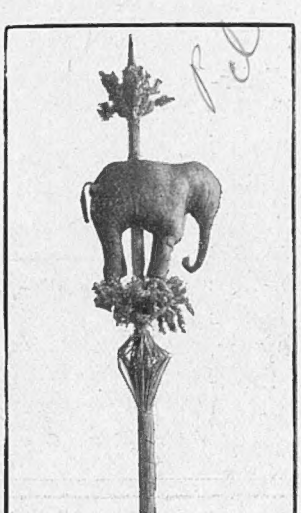
Business Men and Smelling Salts

A large number of people consider smelling salts as only useful for weak-minded women and effeminate men.



A Kitchen on Board one of the Great Eastern Railway's New Restaurant Cars

But the business man knows that, after an hour or two's work in a close and stuffy office, a whiff or two of a really good reliable smelling salts does much to clear the head and the brain for further business efforts. It is, therefore, no uncommon thing to find on the table of the strenuous brain-worker a bottle of Crown Lavender Salts, a preparation which is eminently adapted for giving fresh vigour to the mind and clearing the head of that stuffy feeling which comes over men given continuously to using their brains.



The above illustration represents one of Dean's Knockabout Toys, which has weathered the storms of two and a half years as a finial on a Kentish haystack

Bollinger's Champagne

Bollinger's 1904 Vintage was one of the two champagnes used at the Sheriff's Breakfast held on the 28th ult. at the Grocers' Company's Hall, where about three hundred people were present.

A Chat on Soap

Soaps for every possible occasion and every conceivable use are manufactured by Messrs. John Knight, Ltd., a name that stands for absolute purity and perfection. The Primrose Soaps are household words, and they have been used in the Royal laundries for more than forty years. For ordinary toilet purposes the Natural Bouquet Soaps are perfection itself, and they are most delicately perfumed. The ingredients which enter into their composition are of the best, and the discoveries of modern science are pressed into service to render their manufacture perfect. The wallflower perfume is a favourite now with fastidious women, while there is a wide range of other favoured perfumes. Then, for those whose skins are specially delicate, and who use soap on the face, there is the Buttermilk Complexion Soap and the "Speria" Special Toilet Soap, both of which are prepared with a special view to healing and beautifying the skin. "Baby's Own" Soap stands out as a necessity for baby's toilet, and should find a place in every well-appointed nursery; while the excellent shaving soap made by this firm need only to be tried to be appreciated.

G.E.R. New Services

Residents in, and visitors to, the Eastern Counties will be glad to know that the Great Eastern Railway Company have further augmented their fine service of restaurant cars. A new tea-car service now leaves Liverpool Street at 5.6 for Clacton, which delightful resort is reached by 6.50, and from Clacton there is an equally useful breakfast-car service. The new service should assist in making Clacton a place of residence for the City man. There are other new express restaurant-car services to different places in the Eastern Counties, particulars of which may be obtained from the General Manager, Great Eastern Railway Company, Liverpool Street, E.C. The Great Eastern are always in the van when the comfort of their patrons is concerned, and travel on their system is the last thing in luxury. They are running absolutely new cars, vestibuled and fitted with long observation windows and all the other modern adjuncts of travel.